

M^cGILL DAILY

FIFTIETH YEAR



Literary Issue
Christmas 1960

This Year's Revue Seen As Another Big Success

Brian Macdonald, director of this year's Red and White Revue, called the talent of his cast "exceptional".

He said that the return of many of last year's stars, plus the new talent unearthed at the recent auditions will combine to make this one of the best Red and White years in McGill history.

PREDICTION

Producer Mike Berry predicted that "we will outdo 'Fur Lady'", and expressed enthusiasm over his staff of writers. "They've had a world of valuable theatrical experience", he said "both at McGill and in entertainment centres all across Canada."

Allan Shiach, one of last year's stars and a writer, this year, mentioned some of the items that will be staged in the '61 Revue. "Last year", he said, "we attacked sex in advertising, but this year we will satirize the cold war, take a humorous swipe at US-Canadian relations — we might even satirize Americans in general."

ACCLAIM

Due to the acclaim received by the 1960 Revue, but even more to the enthusiasm generated so far by those involved in this year's production, Mike Berry has announced that tentative arrangements have been made to keep Moyse Hall open for an expected extended run.

Rehearsals will begin early in January, and the cast expects a gruelling pace to be maintained. "We'll be working hard", said musical director Richard Notkin,

"but it's going to be a lot of fun". Producer Berry has called for those who have any particular

interest in lighting, painting, or stage work to contact him by calling AV. 8-0643.

"Ma, She's Making Eyes At Me..."



Liane Marshall of the Red and White Revue is seen here inspecting the giant smile flashed by Peter Palmer. Palmer, who has just completed a long run as star of the Broadway hit, "L'il Abner" and starred in the movie version, was performing at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. He has been made Honourary Patron of the '61 Red and White show.

Grads' Homes Open To Non-Canadian Students

In order to assist foreign students at McGill to gain a greater appreciation of Canada and Canadians, the Montreal branch of the McGill Graduate Society is developing a 'goodwill' programme.

This programme consists of graduates opening their homes to foreign students, and was outlined in a letter sent to all members last week. A questionnaire accompanying the letter asks graduates to indicate their willingness to participate in the programme. Response, to date, has indicated strong support and enthusiasm.

The letter states that "the greatest single contribution we can make to mutual understanding and respect is to welcome these students into our homes. There are far too many cases where students from abroad spend four years at McGill without once being invited into a Canadian home".

It asserts that the lonely student is most interested in meeting Canadians, and entering normal Canadian homes, and that the influence of such invitations is inestimable.

The letter points out that students from 28 Commonwealth countries provide 7.5 per cent of McGill's enrollment, the United States provides 5 per cent, and 2.5 per cent of the total enrollment is drawn from 48 other foreign countries.

"When they return to their homes and countries, their lives and work will be coloured by their experience here. More important, their feelings toward us will be determined by the measure of our goodwill or our lack of friendliness. They become ambassadors of what we are and stand for".

The programme is under the direction of a special committee of the Montreal branch headed by Dr. Harry Rosen (DDS '53).

Charities Drive Begins January

This year's Combined Charities Campaign, which opens its campus-wide drive on January 16, has made "great improvements" in their organizational setup.

In an attempt to secure a contribution of two dollars per student, and to exceed last year's gross of slightly over \$4,000.00, vice chairman have been appointed for the faculties of Arts and Science, Engineering, Law, Commerce and Architecture. Special chairman have also been designated for the graduate and smaller faculties.

CAPTAINS

One hundred and fifty group captains, each with five canvassers, will seek to contact every student, in many cases, over the telephone.

Chairman, Howie Cohen, speaking from the Combined Charities office in the Salon of the Union, emphasized the responsibility of students to contribute generously to this, the only campus-wide campaign for funds.

MONEY

One half of the money collected will go to the World University Service, which aids student health and educational facilities throughout the world, and provides scholarships to promote international understanding among students.

The remaining funds are divided between the Red Feather Campaign, the Combined Jewish Appeal, the Federation of Catholic Charities, and the Federation of French Charities. Thus students contribute on both the international and the local level.

The campaign will take place on campus January 16-20.

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FIFTIETH YEAR

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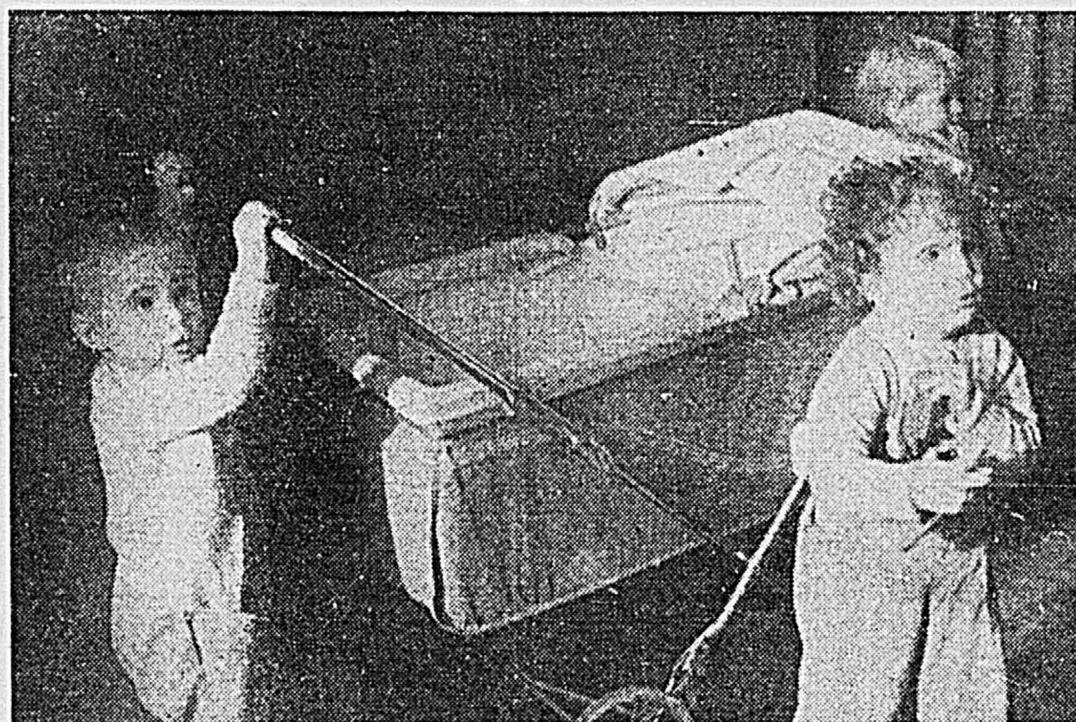
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NFCUS Plan Approved

by MICHAEL P. FEINER

"On The Avenue, Fifth Avenue..."



These three freshmen, left to right, Stephen, Tuula, and Beth, are the children of Chuck Brown Med 2, Alfred Persson Med 3, and Chuck Hudson Med 2 respectively. They were advising their mothers on decorating the Union Ballroom for the Med Students Christmas Dance last Friday. Apparently their advice was not appreciated as the youngsters were left with baby-sitters and their parents enjoyed the brilliant decorations without them.

McGill students unanimously approved the principles of a NFCUS plan calling for increased government aid to education at an open meeting of the Students Society last week.

The programme has two main objectives: to have the government set up a national scholarship, bursary, and loan programme making 10,000 awards of \$600 each available annually to students, and establish increased income tax reductions for families with a full time university student as a dependent.

MEETING

The meeting was also called to consider writing a minimum academic standard for all major campus posts into the constitution of the Students' Society.

However, in that less than 150 people, not even half the number required to constitute a quorum and make the meeting official, were present only an informal discussion could be held.

Several questions about the regulation were raised at that time, among which was the fact that for a person appointed in March the marks under consideration would be those he had obtained two years prior to the time when he would be holding office. Commenting on this, Students' Society President Stu Smith said that it was unfortunate but that's how the plan worked out.

Although the requirement cannot be written into the cons-

titution, it will become an electoral by-law. This has the same effect on people seeking office but, it can be revoked by a simple majority of any future Students' Executive Council.

The meeting, scheduled to begin at 1 pm, did not get underway until almost half an hour after that time, as a vain attempt was made to get a quorum in that time.

Smith expressed his disappointment and disgust that "... out of student body of 8,000 which has shown so much interest in

(Continued on page 16)

Treasure Van Sales Set Record

Proceeds from the Treasure Van, which was at McGill from November 28 till December 1, are the highest collected in the past 4 years.

Organizers realized that this would be an outstandingly successful sale, when, on its second day, \$1170 had been collected. This, in itself, was enough to beat last year's total.

Stanley Messer, chairman of the Treasure Van, told *The Daily* today that \$2940 had been collected, approximately 3½ times the amount collected last year.

GOODS SOLD OUT

By the end of the week, the stock of goods had been considerably depleted. Even the 18 dollar spear depicted in an earlier edition of *The Daily* had been disposed of.

Sales at Macdonald College lasted for five hours, reaching a peak of \$480.

The money collected during the course of the sale will be used to finance WUS projects overseas, such as housing and health programmes, as well as to create WUS scholarships.

Goods exhibited are bought from craftsmen in the countries where WUS seminars have taken place, and the Treasure Van sales are organized and carried out mainly by the students, in the universities concerned.

Messer praised the work of Dave Miller, of the Treasure Van committee, as well as that of the other committee members: Bob Litwack, Publicity, Linda L'aventure, Earl Cohen and Richard Deckelbaum.

Man Has Not Mastered Writing

by ROBERT PRINSKY

"Men do not master the art of creative authorship. At best, they draw nearer, as though approaching infinity".

Dr. Wilder Penfield was addressing a full house in Moyse Hall last Wednesday. His talk, entitled "Approach to Authorship", was sponsored by the ASUS.

LECTURE

Much of his lecture concerned his own road to authorship, which began in such diverse places as California and Iran.

He began his talk by stressing the difference between novel writing and scientific or historical reporting.

The latter is a simple statement of facts, but there is a large amount of artistry that goes into the former. The objectives in science are clear, while the novelist must represent the truth by indirection.

He said that the popular definition of an author is a man who has written a book that people will buy, that has meaning for the general reading public.

OWN CAREER

His own literary career began in California, in 1935. He was visiting his mother, who had started a novel popularizing the Biblical story of Abraham and Sarah.

"Illness and age had dulled her

mind, but not her will," he said. Before he left her, he promised to finish the book she had started.

She died before he could do anything. Then, he tried to rewrite it, but found he could not.

"There is a small boy inside me," he said. "He did not like it at all when I put the manuscript away. He even argued that I should write a whole new book myself to discharge my promise."

WORK

Nothing was done until July, 1943, when Dr. Penfield was stopping in Iran on a medical mission.

He realized that on his flight out of Teheran he would pass over the actual birthplace of Abraham and Sarah. After reading a story of the excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, he made his decision.

"I would write a story of his youth as it must have been, a romance with all the elements of Samarian life in it." "But," he added, "I forgot I did not know how to write fiction; I only knew I could not wait to start."

On his return to Montreal, he was faced with two major obstacles: the lack of time in the life of a busy surgeon, and the fact that he did not know how to write a novel.

After six years, the first draft of "No Other Gods" was ready. But he soon realized it was a failure. "But it had good passages — my wife said so."

Three years and another trip to Mesopotamia later, he sent a new version to Little Brown and Company. It was accepted. "The little boy in me was delighted."

"But," he continued, "I knew I could do a better job if I tried again, and perhaps again, as long as the years would wait for me."

His next trial was "The Torch", which was published last year. In it, he tried to shed new light on the life of Hippocrates, the father of medicine.

SECOND CAREER

"This has become my second career," he concluded, "although I have never felt any abstract urge toward authorship. It was chance that led to it — the chance of seeing sadness in my mother's eyes, and the chance of ten days in the Middle East."

"This chance set up a challenge for me in the field of literature. It was as natural for me to try to reach that goal as it is for any medical man to try for an obviously discoverable secret in the field of medicine, and then to write about it."

Post Graduate Meeting

A compulsory meeting of the Post Graduate Students' Society Council will be held tomorrow, Thursday, December 15, at 1 pm in the Union Board Room. The provisional PGSS executive will present a constitution for adoption. All council members must attend and those departments which have not yet chosen a representative should elect or nominate one before this meeting.

Mental Patients Need Gifts

The Quebec Division of the Canadian Mental Health Association has launched its 1960 Christmas Gift Campaign.

The drive is not an appeal for funds but a request to the public at large to add to its shopping list a small gift of clothing, toiletries, toys or smoking supplies, since, 15,000 of the 25,000 hospitalized mental patients in our province have been forgotten by their families and their friends.

FORGOTTEN

Such a campaign fulfills two requirements. Through a gift, an individual mental patient realizes that the community has not forgotten him and that he still is an integral part of society. Doctors acknowledge the fact that such recognition is of prime importance in the patient's recovery.

Then too, the campaign serves as a vehicle to educate the public that mental illness should be regarded as all other physical illnesses.

"Far too many of us instinctively dismiss the mental patient as a hopeless individual lost to the public" said a spokesman. Unfortunately, mental illness carries with it a stigma which dates back to medieval times.

"In fact, modern advance in treatment, environment and professional attitude has definitely shown that the mentally ill can be cured and completely rehabilitated, if the public will think of them as people who have suffered an illness and not as insane cyphers".

To partially remove this stigma and to help the mental patient, the Quebec Division of the Canadian Mental Health Association, 5757 Decelles, Suite 555, Montreal 26, would appreciate receiving as many gifts as possible so that these may, in turn, be given to the mental institutions of our province.

Flying Carpet Training For This Year's Flight

The Flying Carpet, McGill's International Variety Revue, has just announced its plans for the coming 1961 show.

It will be opened on Wednesday, Jan. 18 and continue until Saturday the 21st. Jack Novicki, chairman of the International House Committee, is guiding the planning program, and has appointed Ian Harris, of the Red and White Revue, as producer.

AID

Aiding him will be Nick Wentworth, who has experience with the English dept's production of "Man & Superman" Stage Mana-

ger, and George Walsh as business manager.

Johnny Lee and Alan Willis are co-chairing the publicity department. Les Malcovitch plans to take over the Master of Ceremonies duties for the Revue. Ken Hearst will be in charge of make-up, while Geoff Mercereau will provide the lighting effects.

PROCEEDS

The proceeds of the Flying Carpet will once again go to the International House Committee which is sponsoring the show. International House is a proposed residence and clubhouse that would be composed of both Canadian and foreign students in about equal numbers. It would serve as a headquarters for all national and international clubs on campus.

The Flying Carpet was originally an idea of this committee, which was formed in 1952. Its first presentation consisted of two bewildered tourists travelling the world over, and enjoying the music and dancing of many lands.

GUIDANCE

Largely under the guidance of Peter Hall, it was so successful that it was moved from the Union Ballroom to Moyse Hall, where it has been ever since.

Although the "Carpet" has developed a great deal since then, its basic format will again be a gay, colorful revue of songs, dan-

Cast For McGill Entry Completed

Casting has been completed for the Inter-Varsity Drama Festival entry of "The People Are Not With Us".

In the cast are Robin Lake, a veteran of the spring and summer run of "Got It Made", and more recently, the English Department production of "Man and Superman", where he played the lead, and Carole Ann Dear and Victor Fascio who were last seen in the Players' Club production

of "Under Milk Wood"; both have had previous experience in high school.

Others in the cast are Steve Cocking and David Francis; Francis played in the spring and summer runs of "Got It Made", and in the English Department productions of "The Lady's Not For Burning", and "The Relapse".

PLAY

"The People Are Not With Us" is a one-act play concerned with four people, a narrow minded rationalist, a young and naive idealist, a neurotic female, and a pseudo-intellectual; all are pretending to wait for a train.

The second scene, with the aid of expressionistic techniques, turns away from social interaction, and with an inward development, portrays the more subtle facets of personality and situation.

A Conductor, an employee of the Railway Authority, tries to convince them to accept their responsibility and actually buy tickets.

Failing in this, and helpless against the force of their logic, he has recourse only to his handbook of rules, which finally forces them to leave through a technicality in wording.

Directing "The People Are Not With Us" is Leslie Caplan; Mr. Caplan is a graduate of the University of Liverpool, where he directed a student production of "Macbeth". In addition to writing critiques and reviews, he is presently working on a one-act play.

Gael Eakin Again Wins Carnival Poster Contest

Gael Eakin has won the McGill Winter Carnival Poster Design Contest for the third consecutive year.

Miss Eakin, a fourth year Arts student, depicted the general happy-go-lucky atmosphere that prevails at Carnival time in her winning entry. The design will be incorporated in all posters, brochures, and programmes in connection with the Carnival.

Several innovations will this year be introduced. A new tuque, the design of which has not yet

been announced, will be on sale during Carnival week. There will be no Forum Night. The Queen, therefore, will be crowned at the Winter Carnival Ball rather than at the Forum as in previous years, at the end of the ceremonies, and thus no Queen will reign over the Carnival.

The 1961 Carnival officially gets under way on Thursday, February 16th at 1 pm, with the Annual Toilet Bowl game between the SEC and the Daily.

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Psychiatrist Will Address CUCND On Nuclear Age

Prominent Montreal psychiatrist, Dr. Axel Russell, will speak on "Certain Psychological Aspects of Living in the Nuclear Age" at the last general meeting of 1960 of the Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

Dr. Russell received his university training in England, Austria, and Montreal. From 1946-53 he studied abroad and from 1953-57 he did post-graduate work in psychiatry at McGill University. He is now a clinician, teacher, and practising psychiatrist in Montreal.

Dr. Russell's great concern about peace is the result of his six years in the British Army in World War II where he had the opportunity to observe the effects of war on mental health. Because of his interest, he has championed peace activity in the Montreal area and was one of the first members of the Montreal Committee for the Control of Radiation Hazards.

In a statement issued to the "Daily", Russell said, "I am interested in all aspects of human behavior both as a doctor and a citizen and particularly involved in the fields of juvenile delinquency and trans-cultural problems. But my main concern is with the psychological damages brought about by the nuclear age."

The meeting will take place in the Union Club Room, Thursday, December 15, at 1 pm.

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SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SERVICES

- 11:00 a.m. — Sunday, December 18th — Christmas Message — Christmas Music — Christmas Decorations — And White Gift Service.
- 7:30 p.m. — Sunday, December 18th — Annual Christmas Candle-light Carol Service.
- 11:00 p.m. — Saturday, December 24th — Christmas Eve Service.
- 11:00 a.m. — Sunday, December 25th — Christmas Day Service — Sermon by the Minister.
- 7:30 p.m. — Sunday, December 25th — Christmas Evening Service. A Musical Service of Nine Carols and Lessons by the Ministers, Choir and Congregation.
- 11:15 p.m. — Saturday, December 31st — Watching Service — This Service has become synonymous with the name St. James' and is widely attended.

A WARM WELCOME AWAITS YOU AT ST. JAMES'

ISA, ASUS Join Forces In New Year's Eve Dance

"This year, as a radical innovation, the ASUS and the ISA will co-sponsor a New Year's Eve Dance and variety show". John D. Lee, chairman of the International Students' Association social committee made this statement and concluded that "this dance promises to be the most novel and fascinating event at McGill for many years".

The highlight of the Dance will be the "International Party", a variety show of music and dance acts, beginning at 10:30 and going until about 11:15. "In view of the fact that all night clubs will have to be closed, this will be the only floor show open in the whole city", noted a spokesman.

"I'm Doing The Lumumba"



This Spanish dancer, Helene Montreuil, is one of the many talented students who will participate in the ISA New Year's Eve Variety Show. The "really big show" will be presented in conjunction with the ASUS, ISA New Year's Eve Dance.

The show is directed by Eve Krupski, in co-operation with Nick Wentworth. Mike Taylor is planning many complicated technical effects that will enhance the production.

The acts range from colourful Spanish dances to classical music. Helene Montreuil and Jacqueline Labrecque will entertain the guests with the Sevillana and Hota, two dances from old Spain which involve fast-clicking castanets and swirling skirts.

KELDER

Rob Kelder, of the Red and White Revue, will contribute to the programme with songs of his own composition, and selected excerpts from Broadway musicals.

Kelder has performed on channel 5 television, and is currently working with Laurentian Records on the production of a disc of his own.

Another performer, Bryant Shiller will entertain upon the piano. Shiller will be remembered as a musical director of the Combined Jewish Appeal Show of 1958.

JAPAN

Tiny Noreen Koyoma performed at the "Meet Japan Dance", earlier this year. Her contribution will be two Japanese folk dances, to the Song of the Lonely Wanderer and the Firecracker Song.

Among the other acts are a singer of North American folk songs, and the Ghana Drumming Group.

PROBLEM

The problem of broadening the campus life of the foreign students, and of enabling them to mingle socially with Canadians has received much attention, both by individuals and in the McGill Daily. It is hoped that one of the benefits of the dance will be this mingling.

The Dance will be held in the Union Ballroom, at 9 pm. Dance music will be provided by the Buddy Kaye Orchestra. Tickets will be on sale at \$3.00 per couple, and may be obtained until the end of the week in the lobby of the Arts Building, or from now until Dec. 22 in the Union Box Office.

They will also be sold by the executive of the National Clubs, and authorized salesgirls.

SPOKESMAN

"I realize that many people don't stay in the same place on New Year's Eve," Lee stated, "but I hope that one stop on everyone's itinerary will be the Dance — especially the show at 10:30". Doorprizes will be awarded with Miss Vivienne Lee, last year's Carnival Queen, making the drawings.

Mr. Zafar Khan, Chairman of the I.S.A., told the Daily that since tickets will not be for sale after the 22nd of the month, boys should get dates, and buy their tickets early.

Soper To Lead Mission Group

Dr. Donald Soper, Superintendent of West London Mission and former President of the British Methodist Conference, will lead the Christian Mission at McGill from January 22 to 29.

The mission, which is sponsored by the various Protestant Clubs on campus, will feature several speakers on topics related to Christianity. Soper himself will speak five times in Moyse Hall, each speech dealing with a different aspect to "The Necessity of Revolution".

Both local and out-of-town missionaries will be supporting Soper. The speakers from out-of-town include: Mr. A. R. Allen, General Secretary, CSM, University of Saskatchewan; Rev. Bernard Barrett, Religious Educational Council, Toronto; Professor C. Chakerian, McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago; Miss Kathleen Darroh, St. Hilda's College, Toronto; Rev. Roy DeMarsh, SCM, Toronto; Rev. G.M. Morrison, Associate Secretary, Home Mission Board, United Church of Canada.

These missionaries will conduct noon hour discussion periods on such topics as "The Church should

meddle in politics", and "If Christ, Why Hiroshima and Six Million Jews?" In addition, they will be available for private discussion and consultation during mission week.

Foreign Students

Foreign students who are interested in visiting Canadian homes during the Christmas Vacations are urged to leave their names with John at the Union Tuck Shop by December 22. The Graduate Society has obtained approximately 80 Canadian families who have agreed to entertain these students in their homes. The list of names will be collected by the ISA and sent to the Graduate Society.

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MCGILL DAILY

Fiftieth Year of Publication

The Oldest College Daily in the Commonwealth

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IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE

Santa Felner (news desk), and all the little elfs: Joy to the World, Garth Claus, Dasher Prinsky, Dancer Khazzam, Francer Tausky, Vixen Schecter, Comet Chodos, Stupid Cupid, Donder Wear, Andrew Biltzen Roman B.A.2, Carolyn, who is a year older today than yesterday, Horsh, elf without portfolio and Menace, the red-nosed birthday boy; Mrs. Ann Claus (features desk), Merry Perry Clark, Caroler Carolyn Weiss, Merchristmas Allen; Bobo and Fenny (sports desk elfs), the Bobs: Stall, Newman, Goldschlager, Cohen, Chuck Denton, Menry Mintzpie, John Jullani, Maxwell of renown, and a very cold Beerthaw; Shoo Foghorn, Mike "the chauffeur" Goldsteen whose birthday is today, Christmas Buckman, the Dark Horsh (photos); Tiny Tim (who is responsible for all slips and Boobs); Joyeux Noël à tous les Devoirs de tous les copains.

DECEMBER 14, 1960

Canada Lacks Key Drive

Of prime interest on the international scene in recent weeks has been the apparent split within the Communist world between Moscow and Peiping. Knowledgeable observers feel the split derives from ideological differences as to what means should be used to attain the ultimate end of communism. This theory is based on the belief that the Russians wish to achieve dominance through peaceful means while the Red Chinese want to overthrow the capitalists by war and violent revolution.

Recent western visitors to the Soviet Union have noted a growing anti-Chinese feeling amongst the Soviet leaders. Dr. Bryce Weir, last year's S.E.C. president at McGill, was a recent visitor to Russia. He remarked upon his return that many Russians are awed at how hard the Chinese work. Dr. Weir then turned around and said he was awed at how hard the Russian people work. "The secret of their success," he said, "is not the socialist system, but rather their dedication to hard work, development of the human intellect and individual contributions to society".

Dr. Weir stated that after seeing the Russians work, he concluded that Canadian education is in a shocking state. "Not only are many Canadians denied a university education, but when they do get to college, most Canadians do a minimum of work. There is no reverence for the intellect in this country," he said.

We can only say that Canadians in general, and students at universities like McGill in particular had better start getting serious about education. The Government has a duty to provide freer access to higher education; and the individual has a duty to strive much harder to develop his mind and to contribute something to our society rather than to his own personal well-being.

Imagine; the Russians are worried because the Chinese are working too hard. Come on Canadians, or we won't even have a look in the future.

Quart Before The Hearse

Negligence is usually identified with an "I don't care what happens" attitude. In fact it more often stems from a radically different frame of mind. Most people do care what happens — especially what happens to them. But they take risks which lead them into dire trouble because of an optimistic notion that "it can't happen to them". John Miller went off the icy cliff at a fast clip. On account of drinking before he drove. But of course that can't happen to me. Jim Cooper died of polio because he didn't take Salk shots. But of course that can't happen to me. John Jones killed an innocent little child because, not having control over his senses, he drove recklessly. And he was sentenced to life imprisonment. But, of course, such a tragedy will never befall me. And even if, heaven forbid, it does, I'll never get caught.

Well, the winter party season is upon us. Icy roads, alcoholic arteries and empty heads will inevitably join forces to produce disaster through negligence.

We wish all our readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. At the same time, just so that it won't happen to them, we cite a few sections of the Canadian Criminal Code:

"223. Everyone who, while his ability to drive a motor vehicle is impaired by alcohol or a drug, drives a motor vehicle or has the care or control of a motor vehicle, whether it is in motion or not... is liable.

(a) for a first offence, to a fine of not more than five hundred dollars and not less than fifty dollars or to imprisonment for three months or both...

"192. Everyone who by criminal negligence i.e., wanton or reckless disregard for the lives or safety of other persons causes death to another person... is liable to imprisonment for life.

"193. Every one who by criminal negligence causes bodily harm to another person... is liable to imprisonment for ten years."



December 13 . . . Am very pleased this nighte withe the readinge of muche of literarie value from the latest effortes of the angries of the place bounde in attractive manner and sellinge for a few worthe farthinges. The volume calls itselfe Anvil and will be invaluable as stockinge fill for those of the Clausian ilke. Intellectually muche is to be gained from perusale of same and thoughtes contained therein on all subjectes of merit from love to deathe are verie closelie akin to my owne, although cruditie for its owne sake is not to be excused even by poetick liscence. Strollinge on the white blanketed walkes of the place todaye was stricke by sensibilitie of impendenge revelrie revolunge rounde feastes of sacred origin and producinge severale dayes of relaxed merriemente eache yeare at this tyme. Beinge the leaste likelie to criticize these feelinges, thoughte it to be of some worthe to convey certaine admonishmentes upon many of my new founde friendes at the place. Manie crass campaigns have heretofore been waged on the apparence lacke of respecte for the name of Him whose birthe causes muche rejoicinge amonge all those who contende believe. Muche unnecessarie paper and tyme have been wasted on suche topicks and in my minde can be summed withe ease . . . if believe is youre wonte, don't change from it; if reason causes doubt, keep this sentimente selfishe... personnal and individuelle actione takes precidente over mass mania, make choise rationallie and embodie it. Gaitie, laughtere and anticipatione of convivialitie surrounde the inhabitantes of the place at this tyme, rushinge to and fro in preparatione, manie will forget what has gone before and indeed manie have longe since even forgotten their courses of worke; with the dawninge of a new hear hopes will be traditionallie raised to dizzle heightes for awhile and staunche resolve will quicklie fall victim to the wayes of the past and comparative profligacie . . . but the worlde will revolve as ever, the place will lavishe itselfe with increasinge honoure, and yours trulle will be lurkinge in the shadows lovinge, livinge, laughinge, learninge, as is my speciale mission.

Season's Greetinges and wishes fore Prosperities in the New Yeare (in which sentimente my Jane will joine me, and even my longe sufferinge wife, who at this very momente suspectes not of the leeds I do).

Introducing:

Kennedy's Secretary of State

Editor's Note: Dean Rusk, this week designated Secretary of State in the cabinet of President-elect John F. Kennedy, is relatively unknown to Canadians.

Currently president of the Rockefeller Foundation in New York, and — under the Truman administration — Assistant Secretary of State for U.N. Affairs, Deputy Under-Secretary of State, and Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs — Mr. Rusk is a 51-year-old, native of Georgia.

We reprint below some of his thoughts on U.S. conduct of foreign policy as articulated by him in a recent contribution to Foreign Affairs, an American Quarterly Review. The excerpts were edited and annotated for The Daily by Daniel Mettarlin, Law 3.

The United States, in this second half of the twentieth century, is not a raft tossed by the winds and waves of historical forces over which it has little control. Its dynamic power, physical and ideological, generates historical forces; what it does or does not do makes a great deal of difference to the history of man in this epoch. If realism requires us to avoid illusions of omnipotence, it is just as important that we not underestimate the opportunity and responsibility which flow from our capacity to act and to influence and shape the course of events . . . The range within which the nation can make deliberate choices is wide; if we do not make them deliberately we shall make them by negligence or yield the decisions to others, who will not be mindful of our interests.

The foreign policy of the United States since World War II seen in broad historical terms, has been responsible and constructive. Surely, we can say, QUIETLY AMONG OURSELVES, emphasis added, that it is a matter of no small moment that a nation with so much power has used it with restraint and toward the purposes which dominate this great democracy. If there are occasional suspicions abroad about our motives, they arise in part from the difficulty of comprehending so strange a phenomenon.

(Note: The idea of "quietly among ourselves" indicates that Rusk will not use the world scene as an occasion for moralizing as Dulles was wont to.

But we are not likely to achieve significant improvements in the conduct of our foreign relations simply by thinking up new ideas but rather by the serious attention to the manner in which we make policy and translate it into action. Men of long experience in both the Executive and Legislative branches of government have serious doubt about whether our present procedures are adequate to the conduct of public business in our foreign relations over the next quarter century.

(Note: Rusk seems to feel that the basic ideas and goals behind US policy are not false. It is the implementing procedures and our "public image" which leave much to be desired. I hope the implication is not "we are not wrong, you simply do not understand us".)

The foregoing remarks take on added significance because we are already in a period of more rapid and fundamental change than we have yet experienced as an American nation . . . Two factors suggest that our own period may lay special claim to breathlessness: The rate of change in science and technology and the emergence of scores of independent nations not yet firmly set upon their course.

(Note: Kennedy has indicated the struggle for the underdeveloped nations will be given higher priority in his regime. He has said Algeria should be given its independence if it is not to become another Indochina).

These premises place a special premium on leadership . . . Public opinion can neither devise policy nor carry it out. It cannot debate it effectively unless the issues are framed and presented for discussion, accompanied by the factual background.

(Note: Perhaps foreign policy will be less responsive to public

opinion than under Dulles where reports have it that public opinion polls on major issues were placed on his desk every two weeks.)

In discussing the role of the military he says:

... The President must firmly assert the principal that the first mission of a man in uniform is to do what he is told to do, regardless of the number of stars on his shoulder, and that the military establishment is an instrument not the master of policy. Only the president can resolve inter-service rivalries and disputes about their respective roles, and he working with Congress must seek to restrain the growth of independent political constituencies in support of particular services".

(Note: Under the Eisenhower regime the different services became almost feudal kingdoms each with its own interests and policies determining rather than carrying out policy. The National Security Council, in the minds of some, became as a result almost a bargaining agency rather than a policy-formulating committee. Note also the implied criticism of General McArthur.)

VIEWS ON SUMMITRY

Against this background of what we have called unbearable responsibility, the question arises as to whether the President of the United States can wisely undertake the burdens and hazards of personal responsibility at the summit . . . Earlier American skepticism and reluctance about summit diplomacy have been pushed aside with the warm approval of public opinion. The prospect is for a series of summit meetings during 1960 and beyond.

The President as Chief of State of the United States can and ought to undertake a carefully planned program of state visits, SHORT IN DURATION (emphasis added) and aimed at the exchange of courtesy and respect. But negotiation at the chief of government level is quite another matter . . . summit diplomacy is to be approached with the wariness with which a prudent physician prescribes a habit-forming drug — a technique to be employed rarely and under the most exceptional circumstances.

The first difficulty is that the President of the United States can take the time to prepare himself as a negotiator on serious subjects only by deferring or neglecting some of his constitutional and political responsibilities.

(Continued on Page 10)

First Prize, Poetry

Ambulance at Four A.M.

by Michael Malus

With a faint but steady hum like the voice in a seashell
the hushed moist baby breath of a city four hours new
filters softly through our window.

Suddenly the air like a goddess surprised bathing
startles to a trembling self-consciousness
at the shrill blast of a siren:

the harbinger of death and pain,
the berserk, frenetic wail,
a giant broom that sweeps
the very night itself from its path.

The demon siren hurtles by our window
astride a liquid streak of whiteness
that careens around the corner

with a peal of tires on pavement.
At this mundane squeal of rubber on cement
the spell shatters
and the phantom white ambulance like
Cinderella's coach turned pumpkin
fades into the dim grey light of reality.

Second Prize, Prose

First Man In Space!

by Terry Fancott

THE whole country tingled with excitement. It could be sensed everywhere. In Times Square or on the corner of Main and 4th in Elmsburg, Michigan, and in a Hollywood studio or a class room in Streator, Illinois. First man in space! The apprehension of the great moment was written on every face. The newsboys on the street corner and the financier's as he stepped into his chauffeured Cadillac.

The hours to launching time were counted down by families huddled in front of T.V. sets, by workers on railroad gangs, by college students in class rooms. The whole nation was gripped with excitement. At last an American first, at last we're going to beat the Russians.

We're going to beat the Russians. A rivalry dating back many years. A rivalry in peace, an economic rivalry, a scientific competition. A rivalry in cold war but not in hot war... not yet.

Years ago, a famous historian remarked "It's funny" he said "how nations born of military action seem to retain a tradition of military action. These countries seem to cling to such military action as a solution to all crises. They tend to light out arguments, solve a rift in their countries by civil wars or purges rather than negotiation. This tradition dies hard, whether it be originated by Bolsheviks or Junkers, the Red Shirts of the Minutemen."

A medical student when he was first chosen for the astronauts team, he had completed his course with honours simultaneous to being a football hero before he went into full space force training. He had always been the most publicized trainee partly because he was the most glamorous and attracted the most public interest, but also because he seemed completely impervious to the flattery of being in the public eye. "Our Bob" he became, and soon it became inevitable that this slightly sky but oh so suitable young doctor, should be awarded the greatest human honour — the first space pioneer. The symbol of the use of man's knowledge for peaceful purpose, man's reaching for the stars instead of concentrating his efforts on weapons of horror.

Weapons of horror. CBR they call them. Chemical, Biological, Radiological. They exist for the great war, the war to end all wars... the final war. They are the ultimate weapon, the principals of the philosophy of overkill. "We can now kill every living being on earth three times over, and still have weapons left" boasts a general. Overkill, that wonderful principle that uses the hydrogen bomb, that incentive to develop the nerve gas, one drop of which can kill a man in ten seconds. That theory behind the breeding of typhus ticks, the stockpiling of plague fleas, the creation of a "modern" anthrax that is faster but more painful, messier but more efficient. Overkill — a single ounce of the toxic agent which causes the disease called Q fever would be sufficient to infect 28 billion people. Overkill — stockpiles of fleas, toxins, bacteria, hydrogen bombs in Russia, and the U.S. Just in case the others use it, we too have stockpiles of death. Only maybe we should hit them before they hit us.

"Bob Maxwell is on his way!" The T.V. announcer gleefully blurts this momentous moment in America's history. Bob Maxwell is leaving his peaceful little home in a Californian suburb. Flash bulbs pop and newsreel cameras grind, recording his tender parting from his young wife, who cannot see him off because she is eight months pregnant. His thoughtful parting kiss is recorded for a thousand newspapers, his parting words are scribbled down by hundreds of pencils, his self-conscious looks at the cameras delight millions of viewers, and then he marches, head erect, with a smile on his face to the waiting car, which will take him to the launching pad, and the greatest moment man has

(Continued on Page 11)

First Prize, Prose

THE GHOST

by C. Diana Garcia

(The Wizard of Oz)

"Somewhere over the rainbow,
Skies are blue,
And the dreams that you dare to dream
Really do come true."

PUFFS of yellow appeared through a mountain of mist. The lake rippled, and the leaves rippled. The leaves fell. A motor sounded far away, over the wind... The mist came down, down, it never stopped falling... A lonely fisherman paddled towards shore.

The old house stood on its hinges and stared vacantly at the lake. The wood was rotten, scattered, with a smell of dead sea. There was no door — the house invited trespassers.

The boat drifted on a ripple to the shore. The lonely fisherman scampered onto the sand. A mirror of trees looked at his broken back. He was called ugly, because of his wan complexion, tufts of hair, and sunken eyes without expression. He was the man that never was, the man that merely existed, in memories.

The old fisherman walked past the door that was not there, and sat on the decaying floor... Up the stairs, on the other side, the ghost roamed... He was not an old ghost, for ghosts never do grow old, only tired. He was a very tired ghost. Tired of wandering along vaulted passages of imposing castles; tired of tingling through quiet gardens and rustling trees; tired of waiting at eerie crossroads; tired of melting into people's minds. No one ever saw him, but many felt him.

The ghost shimmered down the stairs and floated around, gazing at the old man.

"Hello," said the ghost.
"Hello," said the old fisherman.

"What are you doing?" asked the ghost.

"I'm thinking," said the old fisherman.

"I never think," said the ghost, "I only dream."

"Why?" asked the old fisherman.

"I don't know," said the ghost. "I just do."

"What about?"

"Oh, things I've done."
"But if you've done them, why dream about them?" asked the old fisherman.

"Because sometimes I'm not sure what I have done, so I dream, to remember," replied the ghost.

"How do you know where the things end and the dreams begin? You could forget, you know," said the old fisherman.

"Simple. All my life is a dream, so I can never be wrong," said the ghost.

The old fisherman was quiet. He was thinking that the ghost had no expression in his eyes, perhaps he had no eyes at all.

"Would you like to hear about my adventures?" asked the ghost.

"Yes."

So the ghost floated and rustled, shimmered and rippled, while he remembered. He told the fisherman of the days when men were valiant and wore armor, and the women were obedient and wore long skirts; of the huge castles, so big that thoughts got lost in the long passageways; of the iron bars in the cells and how he kept away from them because they were so damp and sad.

"But you're a ghost," said the old fisherman. "That shouldn't bother you."

"Oh, but it does. I like seeing people bewildered, but not sad. But please don't interrupt my memories, otherwise they'll scatter."

And the ghost told of the large gardens where couples cooed while villains murdered. And of the white graves so cold and still, where he never ventured.

"But why?" asked the old fisherman. "You're a ghost, you ought to live there."

"No," said the ghost. "I like seeing people confused, but not limp and lifeless. And please don't interrupt or I shall go away."

Then he dreamed of the eerie crossroads where the witches played, and the noises shrilled, and the grass danced, and the wind ran; of the stooped horses dragging their wagons and the stooped men pulling the horses. And he talked of the great

mountains with their veils of waterfalls and the crevices where the drooping ferns grew; and of the swift currents which he ever so carefully avoided.

"Why" thought the old fisherman, "he's a ghost". But he did

(Continued on Page 10)

'Daily' Literary Contest Winners

PROSE FICTION

This year's prose entries in the McGill Daily Literary Contest were not only more numerous than ever but included such a lively variety of types that the task of judging was far from easy. Cosmic allegories, short stories, philosophical essays, mood pieces, fantasies, an extract from a novel — how to weigh one against the other?

It is painful to report that the one thing to simplify my task was the number of gross errors of style that disqualified some entries. Discoveries like "a bird's plaintiff call", "the polititions", and "I was destituted", will dismay even the best friend of campus writing.

The bulk of the entries, however, command both interest and respect. Miss Garcia's *The Ghost* is a nice piece of impressionism, a *jeu d'esprit* she carries off with grace. Mr. Fancott's *First Man in Space* is an effective story with strong ironic force. And the generally high quality of this year's entries is reflected in the unusual number of Honorable Mentions listed below.

FIRST PRIZE: *The Ghost*, by C. Diana Garcia.
SECOND PRIZE: *First Man in Space*, by T. Fancott.
HONORABLE MENTION: *Alma-May*,

by Allan Shiach.

The Word,

by Allan Shiach.

People,

by Robert Prinsky.

The Child,

by M.D. Morris.

With congratulations and best wishes to all,

CONSTANCE BERESFORD-HOWE

POETRY

Maybe I'm getting soft, but it seemed that almost all the poems submitted this year were interesting, genuine poems, decently written. I have picked a handful out of the total for publication, knowing that there will be space for only a few. Two of those chosen are natural prize-winners — Michael Malus' vivid ambulance poem (the broom metaphor is what gets me there), and Dave Solway's unconventional "Laurentian nature poetry".

Both these poets seem on the road to big things; in fact, with these and others on the campus, I think that poetry at McGill promises to be more varied and energetic in the next few years than in any generation since F.R. Scott and A.J.M. Smith started the modern renaissance here.

FIRST PRIZE: *Ambulance at Four A.M.*,
by Michael Malus.

SECOND PRIZE: *Autumn in the Laurentians*,
by Dave Solway

HONORABLE MENTION: *A Midnight Tragedy*,
by Deborah Eibel.

Waterfront,

by Lawrence Wasser.

*To an Eighty-Eight**Year Old Russian in an**Old People's Home*,

by Michael Malus.

LOUIS DUDEK

Second Prize, Poetry

Autumn in
the Laurentians

by Dave Solway

I
The topmost leaves
are turning out the insides
of their reversible jackets;
Imperceptibly, the summer has trickled past
like water from a leaking tap;
I see a faint dab of ochre,
a little sharp flame of orange
burning in a green forest.
The air is tense.

II
A cold wind swooped in tonight
like a gull; trees bent,
twigs snapped like icicles from eaves,
the moon grimaced and shivered
drawing a cloud around for warmth.
The ground wore a patched coat of leaves.
The stars expired... sparks upon the hearth.

III
The forest is afire this morning
with splashes of red on a background
of buttered toast.
A pallid face outside my window
has caught the measles.
The chill has set in, and chased the green away.

IV
The skies put out the conflagration,
opening the water nozzles wide.
I tramped ankle-deep in soggy leaves
beneath the trees, thinning like hair on an old man's head.
And after the rains, the autumn hills
smiled with a touch of sunlight
and shed their remaining foliage.

V
Looking at the highest hill, I saw
winter about to tumble from a precipice.

One Bad Error

PROSE IN FORGE

THE pressures applied to an editor-in-chief from all directions are probably unrelenting, intense, and destructive. Those pressures that molded the latest FORGE may be as irrelevant as they are mysterious, but since Editor-in-chief James Rother has been pushed into only one error — it can't be voluntary — I suppose the reader should count his blessings, and offer thanks.

The physical appearance of FORGE is the most conspicuous of its blessings. All the art work is excellent. Not compelling, or even very talented, it is in good taste. The added expense of the colored pages — one green, one brown — is justified. The neat layout is more than a pleasure; it is useful, making remarkably clean and readable pages.

Stories

The stories, too — if we exclude the error — are of high calibre. One story is so clear, so simple, and so effective that I hope to have the pleasure of reading more by the author. "A Quiet Life" is almost embarrassing in its gentle, yet

virile penetration of a character — his loneliness, his defeated kindness, his urgent need to understand himself. Robert L. McA. Burns has achieved, in ways suggesting both Salinger and Saroyan, a casual and momentary glimpse of himself — and of all of us — well worth close attention.

"Jean-Marc" is a little study which almost achieves its aim. Every reader (unless he is unduly distracted by misprints) will sense the lyrical quality of the prose, slightly self-conscious, but firm in its handling of delicate emotions and in its impressionistic use of colors. "He smoked the cigarette to watch the blue air curdle in the mist of unborn sunlight" is a fine sentence, revealing a keen sensitivity to verbs, not just to adjectives. Or "The child was watching black tar seep through the pebbles, move and change." ("Through" is interesting.)

Vera Frenkel shares with us some "images from a journal," as she calls them. Images are exactly what they are, beautifully perceived images. Her style is opulent and precise — opulent when describing the earth and moments of sensuality; precise when describing emotions ("We cannot speak, therefore smile"; or, "They look

The Worlds Within and Without

POETRY IN FORGE

by Louis Dudek

HAVING a two-year-old boy at home, I know that we begin life with an extreme awareness of the outside world: he can hear a baby cry through two brick walls and ten feet of intervening space, which I can't hear at all. But some time later, this objective awareness seems to be shut off (at least in most of our neurotic personalities), and turns upon an inner world of the self. Most student poetry is written from this inner world. It is pretty much closed to outside experience, but it is rich with private imagination.

This is true of the present FORGE, as it has been true of the magazine in the past. Tadek Korn's opening poem "Metamorphoses" offers a case in point. Mary Ellen Bacon's "Nocturne" is another. The others are less obvious examples.

Growing maturity in poetry is a return again to the world outside, the world of objectivity. The inner and the outer realities illuminate and delight in each other, creating the true poem.

"Laconica"

We can watch this happening in the "Laconica" poems of

James Rother, who edits this number of FORGE. In the past Mr. Rother has been a woolly and obscure writer; here he begins to emerge as a wit, a formalist, and even a keen observer. The first two "Laconica" are the best. A slight vagueness still hangs over the poems that follow, but we can see the forms of reality coming into definition. Note how an image is blurred into absurdity: "with teeth of grass / where only the chosen few / may chew". What will they chew? Teeth? Yet other images are real and vivid: "the voluminous / wastes of your hair or the Crimean bursts / of your eyes..."

The best realized of such poems where reality and imagination intersect is the one entitled "The Disease" by Michael Malus. I find this poem, for all its simplicity and directness, immensely exciting as poetry. If you want analytical depths, consider the implications of the world we live in as "a freak show". Or consider the idea later that it is a gigantic "Belsen and Auschwitz". But do not despair — there are "liberating armies" who discover Belsen and Auschwitz; and Mr. Malus, I note, is a medical student. Yes, this is poetry coming out of experience, vivified by imagination. It is extremely promising.

Verbal Construct

Half-way between the worlds of inner and outer being, Pierre

Coupey's poem on Dylan Thomas is a verbal construct, done with cogs and bolts. It makes out Dylan Thomas to be a kind of Christ — note the phrase "Christ's a sigh" — who redeems fallen mankind from this common world, annihilating pride and elevating flesh.

Sydney Aster and Dave Solway are at the witty realistic end of the spectrum. Their poems are a healthy spice to this number of FORGE. Contrast these to Miss Labow's and Miss Bacon's sad songs, love-lorn for love lost, or dreaming of love to come. Well-written too, but so familiar in tone, and so soon to be displaced by the better poetry of life!

There is a misprint in David Slabotsky's poem: lines 5 to 7 should read "near the core / of our ex- / istence". But even this correction doesn't save the poem. The images of the fountain and of Mother Eve at the end invite an obvious symbolic interpretation — from which one runs screaming. But I understand that Mr. Slabotsky is just beginning.

Moscovitch

The three poems by Henry Moscovitch strike me as worthy echoes of the Montreal poet Irving Layton; they are neither drawn from a strong inward source, nor from strong perception. The pretensions of a poet are marked, i.e., the idea of being a poet dominates the poems. Note the sense of contemptuous self-isolation — "all the spiders / joined in a giant web. / Ever since, I am old / & the women shun me..." and the doubtful psychological insight that results — "(Tell that to your lame physicist / when next in his bed. / See how / he will grow envious and mean.)"

But Moscovitch is strong on form; his poems are tightly knit little pieces. They also have secret fists of animus hiding within them, so that he is a man to beware of. I am always waiting for the knockout poem from him, which somehow does not arrive.

Blessings

The blessings, you see, are many. But there is the curse, the error I spoke of but cannot account for. You ask my opinion of "Creation" by Kingsbury. It's garbage. Vile and cheap and arrogantly worthless, its inclusion is a puzzle. The author's successful attempt to shock is, in the first place, poorly written. Nouns he understands, but nothing more. Bowels, belly, hole, placenta, uterus. (The alliteration of "the placenta which was put in the pot" is Kingsbury's finest moment.)

The plot begins with beatnik Jenny, "who could play basketball," trying to "dilate the itty-bitty neck of the womb way up to where you could slip a football thru it." Cricket — yes, Cricket — the man she lives with, not the father, assists her in giving birth to "a little bastard." (The joke is repeated four lines later.) However pointless this obscene fable, it does give Kingsbury a chance for some sparkling dialogue:

"You haven't got more brains than a dull witted animal."
"I'm not an animal! I'm a Catholic!"

Kingsbury's "Creation" — and his "Dr. Joel Mantana," too — is not writing, but anti-writing. I regret FORGE's lapse of taste and of literary judgment.

FORGE Now On Sale

Copies of FORGE, McGill's literary magazine, are now on sale at various points on campus.

The magazine includes prose and poetry selections by McGill students, and the price is 50 cents per copy.

FORGE may be obtained at the Union Box Office, the Arts Building, Physical Science Centre or from salesmen and salesgirls on campus. Due to a limited supply, this offer cannot be guaranteed to hold past Saturday, Dec. 17.

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Honorable Mention, Poetry**To an 88-year-old Russian
In an Old People's Home**

by Michael Malus

*Pacing slowly and methodically like a sentry
he trudges up and down the fourth floor corridor
attempting to fill the abyss of days
by humming a perpetual song:
a tenuous gypsy air
a delicate musical counterpoint to reality
a dogged affirmation
of the fact of his existence.
He trudges up and down the corridor with a hum
the passing of the hours
marked by the insipid milestones
of meals served at seven, eleven
and five o'clock sharp.*

*Stop and talk with him for a moment.
Try in an amiable manner
to shake the hum out of him.
Probably within the first two minutes of conversation
you'll come around to his favourite topic:
Of how back in Russia
when he was a young cadet
a doctor at a conscription centre had told him
he had a heart
"as strong as a steel shaft."*

*Peasant that he was he believed it.
Gypsy that he was he convinced his heart that it was
true.*

*So here he is at eighty-eight
treading the corridors of the fourth floor
humming quietly
his steel shaft of a heart
pumping with the pride of a czar.*

*On this limited journey up and down the hallway
he packs a portable world
a private cosmology of memories:
dreams of Kiev sixty years ago
and the woman who told him she'd wait
until he returned from battle.
To his great surprise she actually did.
They had only met a week before the war,
he hadn't received a letter during the three years,
but when he rode back to town
it was as if they had never parted.*

*Old man, from whose old body life itself springs fresh
and new,*

*immaculate though in your shirt sleeves
with your talmudic wisp of a white beard
your gold watch hanging from your vest
and your eyes five decades and a culture away,
I'm sorry I disturbed your humming
your music that blends in subtle tones
the ringing hooves of Cossack ponies
hammering on a leaden plain
the beat of gypsy guitars and tapping leather boots
and the brightness of sun-drenched wheatfields.*

*Batter with your song old man
at the walls of this rank sarcophagus
let it echo through the halls
of this dusty, fetid house of the dying.*

*Sing choirs of angels?
Sing Heavenly Muse?
I'd rather hear Zelig Baltiansky hum:
Humming of eighty-eight years
and a heart as "strong as a steel shaft."*

Honorable Mention, Poetry**A Midnight Tragedy**

by Deborah Eibel

*"A second look convinced me that the tree
Was not illumined by Our Lady. Mist
Was mist, and not her garment. I could see
It now — I had become an atheist.*

*"A hunter's lantern was the light that pushed
Away the Light I thought I saw. No seeds
Could plant old faith in me — all that was crushed —
And nothing good could come of handling beads.*

*"The hunter and his lantern always went
From tree to tree at night, but till my storm
I never saw them. Now a filament
Illumined trees, which had assumed new form.*

*"I saw an incandescent lamp. It sucked
Up broken worlds I dared not reconstruct."*

Honorable Mention, Prose**ALMA-MAY**

by Allan Shiach

ALMA-MAY was the oldest, warmest, fattest person in the world. And at that time the world consisted of the farm, the house, and my bedroom.

She was round and never-ending, and heavy and sweet, and I always knew when she was coming to kiss me goodnight because she scrunched on the stairs and breathed through her mouth outside the door. Not like my mother who walked lightly and crisply, always taking two steps at a time as she came up the stairs and then pausing outside the door before she entered. My mother just came in and tucked the white sheets into the bed, although actually she didn't tuck them because they were tucked already, but she did the movements just the same. Then she pushed the hair back from my forehead and kissed me on the cheek and said "Goodnight". And she walked, quietly, out again, closing the door behind her softly.

But Alma-May would come busting in, waddling and breathy, and she'd look at me and say "Humph!". And I knew that humph didn't mean anything except she was glad to see me in bed without having to undress me. Then she picked up my clothes that were on the floor and threw them at me, and, after that, put them carefully over the chair.

If I asked her to tell me a story she'd always say no and then she'd sit on the bed and tell it to me. She only knew one story, it was about a dog that visited the King in Buckingham Palace. But sometimes she'd tell me about girls falling in love with handsome doctors and getting married, but they just bored me and I'd tell her to stop. Then she'd kiss me goodnight on the cheek and the head; and she'd put out the light and in the dark she'd say "Don't forget yer prayers, or the Lord'll no let ye wake up in the morning". That wasn't true and I knew because one night I didn't say them just to find out, and I slept all night and woke up and told her next morning. She scolded me for that and said I wasn't to tempt the Lord my God, and she was very angry, so I always said them after that. "Hail Mary full of grace" was what I said. And sometimes I got muddled up with "Hail Holy Queen;" but I didn't know that one all the way through so mostly I got them right.

On Sundays Alma-May used to take me to church. My mother was in bed on Sundays until lunch-time, so Alma-May and I would walk across the farm into town. And every Sunday she wore the same hat. It was a big-headed hat with flowers that drooped over her hair-rings and was tickly against her neck. It was bright and blowzy and ugly; it was a horrible hat and it made her look funny. I always told her as we walked to church that I thought her hat was ugly. And she told me it was beautiful and that little boys shouldn't say such things about people's hats; they should always say how pretty they were even if they weren't like Mrs MacConachie's.

When we got to the church door Alma-May would pause at the steps leading up to the choir, and she'd look up them quickly. I knew why, although she never told me; she wanted to sing in the choir but they wouldn't let her. She loved singing, sometimes when she didn't tell me stories she would sing until I went to sleep. I liked her voice it was deep and bready and breathy and it sounded happy. I don't know why they wouldn't let her sing because she was better than Mrs MacConachie, who was the soloist. Alma-May wanted to be the soloist and during mass she would sing all the words to herself quietly.

She never went to communion, although I did, and sometimes when I came back from communion she would look at me and

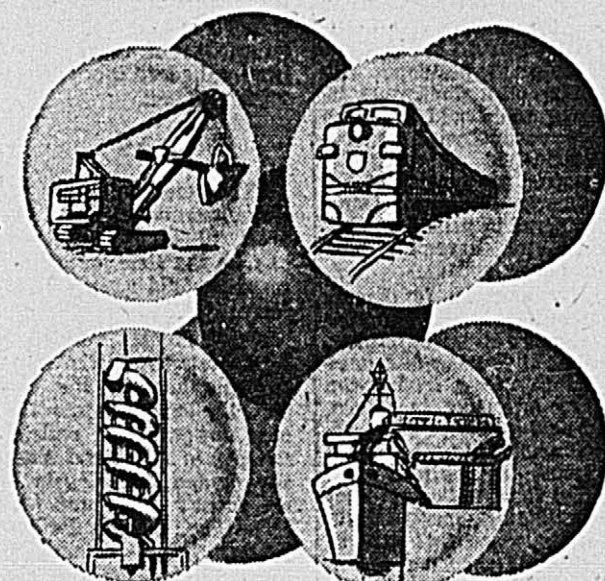
then turn away; then I saw she was crying. Church makes people cry, I know, but not Alma-May: she didn't cry because of church; I think she cried because she said I was lucky in having God inside me, but she couldn't even though she wanted to. I think she had a sin on her soul; but she was never bad so really I don't know why she never went to communion.

When the priest in his crackled, incense-voice sang "Ite Missa Est", Mrs MacConachie, from the choir, would sing "Deo Gra-

tias". And that was when Alma-May got most annoyed because she loved the music to that and she used to sing it in the kitchen and out in the garden and all the time. It was easily her favourite in the whole mass.

After church we'd walk through the Oakwoods; I don't know why they were called the Oakwoods because there was only birch trees in it; that's what Alma-May said, anyway, and she knew all the trees by their names. And as soon as we

Continued on Page 10



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Dean Rusk cont.

(Continued from Page 6)

(Note: both of which Kennedy is very mindful of.)

The principal negotiator must be much more than a mouthpiece for the sheets of paper put in front of him by a staff. Questions worth discussing at the summit are presumably important questions; if so they require the full involvement of the negotiator before he reaches the table. He must understand the full scope of the issues and their innermost detail. If he is to use obscure words he must understand why he does so. He must know intimately the positions of others who are to be present especially where a common front among allies is a major objective of policy.

But it will be replied this is surely not the type of negotiation which occurs at the summit. EXACTLY. Let us concede in passing that the summit may have other uses, such as to celebrate or confirm agreement already reached through other channels, OR AS AN ARENA TO CONTEST FOR PROPAGANDA ADVANTAGE or to postpone the precipitation of a dangerous issue. If one could add that the summit is conducive to agreement in principle it might be well to ponder the remark of Secretary George Marshall "Don't ask me to agree in principle; that just means we haven't agreed yet". (Emphasis added).

(NOTE: He goes on to discuss the disadvantage of removing the President from Washington, pointing out if Truman had been absent for 23 hours, during the decision to intervene in Korea, the outcome might have been different and underlining the necessity for quick decision in a missile age. He then indicates that those with final authority should not negotiate, since that process needs "time patience and precision," three resources which are not found in abundance at the highest level. Wisdom lies in reducing the impact of accidents of personality upon the relations among nations. "Neither friendship or aversion is an adequate basis for high policy... which far beyond the idiosyncrasies of holders of public office".)

(NOTE: As far as appeasement is concerned Mr. Rusk leaves no questions as to where he stands strongly against.)

In so far as the public record is concerned there is little to make one think that Soviet objectives have changed and much to remind us of the growing strength through which they can pursue them. A democratic people can generate their own false hopes very efficiently.

From page 9

Alma-May

started home I would ask her to take off her dirty hat because I didn't like it even when I had God newly inside me. I just didn't like that old hat and I was only being honest about it; even though it was a bit of a joke, I really thought it made her look different and not like Alma-May at home. But she never did take it off. She loved it, and not only because she wore it every Sunday but because she kept it in her room sitting, cockeyed above the mirror, just like Mummy with her photograph of me.

I think that besides not liking the hat I just didn't like Alma-May to be so determined about it. That's why I always said "It's the ugliest hat in the whole world, Alma-May". I always said that. And sometimes she got quite annoyed when I said that and she'd walk ahead of me on the way home and I'd trail behind her watching her broad hips stumbling through the woods, and her breath floating onto the cold winter air; or the little circles of sweat under her arms if it was hot summer. Alma-May was always hot or cold.

Honorable Mention, Prose

THE WORD

by Allan Shiach

There was a French word for it, but he couldn't remember that. Boredom in English, he thought. Bored with the heat, the sun, the food and the life.

The cherry-tree moved imperceptibly in the still air. A bird, he thought ponderously, has just landed in the cherry-tree. A sparrow, a chaffinch, or a blackbird. Nothing exotic about English birds. Or an English summer. Just boredom and dreariness and nothingness. And the radio from the kitchen window all day long.

A dog barked in the distance. He turned his canvas chair slightly towards the sun. Were it not for that awful, nagging knowledge of doom he would have called it the perfect English summer.

-O-

"The moment that 'phone rings, answer it!" said the colonel. "I hardly need to emphasize the time factor. Fifteen seconds could make all the difference".

Major Polbert nodded quietly; he was tired of the waiting and the heat of the summer day. He looked across the airbase towards the valley, and thought of his friend sitting in the garden, luxuriously idle. He doesn't even have to work at waiting, thought Polbert.

"One thing, colonel!" said Naish. Major Polbert glanced up quickly: Naish is going to pull out, he thought. Oh God, he's going to say he can't face the responsibility!

"Has the detonator been checked today?"

"Early this morning", answered the colonel.

-O-

Polly will be back soon. Dear old Polly. I hope to God he's not still angry about last night. He can be so pompous sometimes. Just when you don't expect it. "You might have introduced me as Major Polbert", he had said, "I don't want every village yokel calling me Polly". Well he may be a major when he's working, but not at home.

No. No, he was quite right about it really; but there wasn't any need to get into such a temper. Probably the tension getting him down. Waiting for the order to come through. I wonder what he says when the 'phone does ring eventually? "Mr Prime Minister"? Or just "sir"? Funny, I'm probably the only civilian in England who knows about it. And here I am sitting on my backside with nothing to do but watch the bloody thing go overhead. If it does. No... when it does.

The grass looked strangely burnt in the sun; withered and stale, an ugly yellow. And the heat even dulled the green of the trees. That lovely English-green. Oh God, if I hear that song on the radio again I shall throw something.

"To wander is the miller's bliss..."

There was music for you, real music. Ah those soft summer evenings at Glyndebourne with Polly. And that young man with the vibrant voice, what was his name, and the delicious music, and the calmness of the evenings, and Polly. Polbert then, of course. Our first meeting that year. He was more fun. Or were we both just trying our damndest to be pleasant?

-O-

"Well, Major..."

"No, please don't start talking about it", said Polbert. "Just a job and all that sort of thing. God, if we start worrying about the ethics we'll end up in the insane asylum".

Naish looked down at the patterned floor, and said, "That's what happened to the Hiroshima pilot, you know. Mad".

"Yes. Forget it. Please".

The control panel hummed with familiar regularity; the alert signal flashed steadily. Through the open window Polbert heard the comfortable sound of a train passing the base.

The chief engineer came in, looked interrogatively at the two men. Polbert shook his head and Naish said "No".

"Anyone for coffee"? A young redheaded boy thrust his face round the door, glanced quickly about the room, and withdrew.

-O-

Boredom. It was a good word; it expressed the emotion, the sentiment, the feeling, exactly. Fatigue... listlessness... no, boredom was better: more precise. Pity there's no water or I could do the lawn. Poor old lawn needs it rather badly. Even those tough little dahlias in the corner are beginning to wilt in this heat. Next year I'll plant chrysanthemums. Next year! Oh God, don't think about it! Better go in and freshen up before Polly gets back.

He glanced at his watch. Polly won't be leaving the airfield for another two hours. Wish he'd retire like me, then I'd have someone to talk with. Two hours, and I thought it was later; only three o'clock; mid-afternoon. English mid-afternoon. Apres-midi. Abend. Boredom. What is that French word?

-O-

The colonel came into the room again and signalled Polbert aside. "I'm worried about Naish. Think he's reliable? I mean, will he do it?"

Polbert nodded. "I think so. We're all a little tense. Worried. But he'll do it". The colonel looked across at Naish: "He's a good enough type; but one never knows with these government men".

"No, he's all right", repeated Polbert, "Just tense".

"It's not exactly the tension, but what's he going to think... will he feel responsible... afterwards?"

"Hate to be melodramatic, sir, but we're all responsible. Afterwards".

-O-

Ouch! Mosquitoes are the curse of mankind. Disease-bearers, and inflictors of pain. They don't even serve a useful purpose. Wonder if that one carried malaria, or doesn't one get malaria these days? Or leprosy. Don't suppose there is any leprosy in England; just in Kipling and the Bible. Albert Schweitzer cures lepers in Africa. The heat must be worse in Africa; but down there one can at least get used to it. It happens so rarely in England. That's why it's so damned uncomfortable — because I'm not properly acclimatized. Wouldn't even have noticed it in Calcutta. Will there be fallout over India? Poor bastards!

The cherry-tree moved again. He wondered if it was a bird or the first stirring of the wind. But the air was completely still.

Funny how one never notices the sounds of nature. But go into the cottage, close the door, and there's a completely different kind of silence. Funny that.

-O-

The telephone rang. "Hello. Nebuchadnezzar". The word sounded ridiculous now. "Identify, please, sir". A pause. "Yessir; immediately".

Major Polbert looked at Naish and nodded quickly. "No delay please. It's possibly too late now". He took the key-chain off his neck as he spoke and handed it across the table. Naish unhooked his own and inserted both. He turned them rapidly. Tiny beads of sweat were already gleaming upon his forehead.

A shrill whistle sounded across the airbase.

"That's it!" called the engineer. "Thirty seconds!"

-O-

The canvas chair creaked slightly as he leaned forward and brought the glass of lemonade to his lips. He sipped it carefully, edging the dry taste from his mouth. He dropped the empty glass to the ground and sighed.

A distant whistle sounded, from the airbase far across the fields.

Polly!

A sudden flutter of wings and the leaves on the cherry-tree jumped noisily. A sparrow flew out and across his head. He watched it pass by, and in the distance saw a flash of light climbing into the sky. He saw it before he heard it. Then the noise seemed soft and remote, alien to the afternoon. Glinting steel, climbing rapidly, a jewel in the powdered blue.

He leapt to his feet and ran, panting, down the garden, his eyes fixed upon the far, hypnotic light. Running towards it, his arms thrust forward in supplication.

"OH GOD! NO! PLEASE! NO!"

He stopped suddenly and fell on the grass by the cherry-tree his breath coming rapidly, noisily, his face covered by his hands.

Oh God, if only I could reach out and pick it from the air. If only I didn't even know! I mustn't watch it! I won't think! Is there nothing... nothing I can do?

Then it was gone and silence had returned. Polly would be back soon. I won't have to think, once Polly gets back.

He lay on the grass and closed his eyes, the sun burning on his eyelids. And then it came to him: Ennui — that's the word!

The Ghost

(Continued from Page 7)

not interrupt.

The ghost even explained how he had gone down gaily, lighted streets and mingled with the hurrying people; how he had entered bizarre, loud places full of crowds, and how some had paid heed and others had not.

And finally the ghost related how he had grown tired and retired. Retired through the mirror in the lake, across a ripple, and into the house that had no door.

There was a silence, only the hinges on which the house stood creaked. After a while the ghost said:

"Aren't you afraid of me?"

"No," said the old fisherman. "Why?" asked the ghost curiously.

"Why should I be?"

"Because I am an apparition".

"No," said the old fisherman. "If I were to be scared of apparitions I'd spend all my life afraid. For after all, most people live with all kinds of apparitions, you know."

"Yes," sighed the ghost. "I do wish they would do something about them, though."

... And he went away...

The old fisherman did not know he had gone. He had not felt him leave.

"Did you ever really do many interesting things?" he asked.

But only the decaying wood creaked and there was no answer, not even a whisper.

"Goodbye," said the old fisherman.

But the ghost had disappeared, and not even the wood creaked anymore. The old fisherman walked out of the door that was not there...

Merry
Christmas
and a
Happy
New Year

Continued on Page 14

Honorable Mention, Poetry

Leaves In Autumn

by Dave Solway

Flakes of rust quivering in the wind...
 Slivers of life clinging
 to a giant spinal column,
 cracking ribs etched against the sky,
 pinned
 against the past,
 sketch your story
 with a scratching nib!
 Shiver! Dance the dance
 of shaded death; flags at half-mast
 splash your fatal beauty like dust into my eyes;
 stop my breath. Then break
 from branches, fall beneath a mocking sun,
 slice into the earth like splinters
 leaving a barren tree,
 final and defiant,
 and I
 counting all my winters
 one by one.

From page 7

First Man In Space!

ever known. News analyzers are already talking to the breathless public, "this is the proof, fellow Americans, this will show them. America is at last enjoying her moments of glory, at last it is proved for once and for all that America is the most advanced nation on earth, and also the most powerful."

The most powerful nation. A nation where the armed forces are the armed forces, and there is no doubt about who controls them. No statesmen meddle in army strategy, no politicians can tell a general to shut up. When the country wants the army to go to war, the army will go to war, and the admirals and the generals will fight the war. The statesmen can clean up after. No diplomat can impose restrictions on the free speech of a general. Why, it was just yesterday that an admiral said, before a legion dinner, "We must reject once and for all the position stated by President Roosevelt that an enemy can have the first chemical

or biological blow he wishes. That blow could be disastrous. We must make it clear that we consider these weapons among the normal, usable means of war."

And an air force general told a women's club that the country might conceivably have to resort to "pre-emptive war". In other words, if we hit first, they will have less chance of crippling us in a surprise attack.

"Vandenberg air force base" said the sign! "Poor old Cape Canaveral", thought Bob Maxwell, "the stigma of early failures could never be entirely wiped out, and so America's first space platform was ruled out in favour of a base which had managed to avoid unfavourable publicity."

There were no press cameras here to greet him. Official air-force movie cameras ground on, recording the momentous occasion, but, for security reasons the public did not know the location of the launching. He

Honorable Mention, Prose

THE CHILD

by M. D. Morris

He was bored; there was nothing to do, he had done everything. Everything was dull, dull, dull. Resentfully, he kicked and scuffed his way through the clouds of dust that were everywhere. There was nothing left to do; he had done it all.

He sat down and idly spat in the dust, and then poked at it with his finger. He spat again and again, until there was a soggy mess where there had once been only swirling dust. He prodded it, and squeezed it into different shapes, and, as the shape developed, his interest grew. He slapped the mess, and it made a satisfying noise. As he pummeled and poked the mud, he became engrossed in his creation. He made it light and dark, and it pleased him. It was pretty; perhaps it was the dust that made it glow so brightly.

There! It was done! Proudly, he looked upon what he had made. To a mature observer, it would have been merely a shapeless mass, but, to him, it had order, form, and beauty. Gazing at it, he saw the patterns made by the wet patches and the dry patches; there were more wet patches than he had intended, but water did spread so. For a moment, he thought of drowning the whole thing in a deluge of water; but then he saw some bright stones, and he forgot all about drowning it.

Being only a very small child, he could leave not his new toy alone — he had to find more and more things to add to it. Excitedly, he put in rocks and sand and things in the wet parts, and things on the dry parts. And he made birds, and fishes, and little animals, and big animals, and all sorts, and kinds, and shapes, and sizes, and colours of people.

There! Now it really was finished! There was nothing more he could find to add to it; it was perfect. Breathing very gently, he bent down to admire what he had made. And he was pleased. It was his, all his; and he loved it so much that he almost wanted to destroy it at that moment. But he decided to keep it, in case some one should come along.

He wished some one would come and see it glowing so beautifully. But who was there who might come? Not the old ones; they were too old and too important to have any interest in him. Perhaps his brother would come and see it, and be

pleased with him and what he had made, and then they would be friends. And he would no longer be lonely, because he would be with his clever big brother.

The brother came. And he was surprised, so surprised that, for a moment, he forgot this was a child's toy, and he was impressed. He was about to touch it, when the child, in a sudden fit of perversity, pushed him away, and stood guard over it. Possessively, he shielded his toy, which seemed more precious, now that his brother wanted it. The brother turned away, losing interest; it was, after all, only a child's toy.

The brother left, and the child was once more alone. He looked at what he had made; it was good, but, in some way, it had lost its savour, since his brother did not want it. Anyway, it was complete, there was nothing he could do to it, or with it.

Suddenly, as children do, he lost interest in the whole affair. He was tired, very tired, and he curled-up and slept. And he thought that one day, when he was bigger, he would do something that would make them all notice him and be proud of him.

He slept, exhausted by his efforts, and his strange creation glowed beside him. But his sleep was troubled by dreams and he opened his eyes for an instant. The glow from his toy dazzled him, and he cried peevishly, "Turn off that light!"

And there was darkness. And he slept.

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could see the President and official party, and the few security approved reporters standing by the framework to his cockpit. His car slowly wheeled around to the framework and his security guards helped him out to meet the President.

"It is a great moment for America" the chief executive pronounced, "in this time of international tension, to be placed in such a position of world scientific leadership."

Scientific leadership, in the science of war or peace. Other countries have made scientific advances too.

"We have perfected a method to track American rockets from the moment of launching!" A familiar short and bald, but very forceful figure pounded the table in front of the members of the press. "You are afraid of sneak attacks, so are we" he shouted in an angry voice. "But we can tell for sure half an hour before your rockets land, and by then ours will be on their way. We have submarines which can launch rockets too, and they hide under the icecap just like yours, in case you should wipe out our fixed bases. If you start a war as your warmongering generals threaten, we shall wipe you out, and your Canadian satellite, and Britain and Italy and all your foreign bases. You talk about pre-emptive war. You can't win but we can, because we can see your rockets with our super radar."

Bob Maxwell climbed up the stairs to the cockpit of his satellite, perched on top of a hundred feet of rocket, potentially hundreds of thousands of pounds thrust. The few "approved" reporters followed him up, photographed him in the cockpit and held a last show interview.

"Tell me Bob", asked one "when you were a little boy, did you ever dream you would be the first man in space?"

"Well" said Bob, with an awkward grin, "actually, my real ambition was to be the best doctor in the world."

The reporter chuckled. "How do you feel with these things standing around you?" He waved his hand at several Titan missiles, standing at the ready on their pads not far away.

A flicker of apprehension crossed the young astronaut's brow — "Just don't send them up after me," he said.

The reporters laughed and then climbed back down to the ground.

"Successful Launching!" screamed the news. "Astronaut on his way up, in half an hour he should make radio contact."

(cont'd on page 14)

1961 Graduates and Post-Graduates**Excellent Career Opportunities**

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If you are obtaining a post-graduate or honours degree in any of the following:

Chemistry**Pharmacology****Chemical Engineering****Physics****Geophysics****Engineering Physics****Biochemistry****Geology (All fields)****Geological Engineering****Metallurgical Engineering****Mathematics****Electronics****Geochemistry****Astronomy**

Obtain — Your copy of Information Circular 61-1500 from the University Placement Office.

Consider — The opportunities of interest to you. The advantages of employment with the Public Service of Canada.

Arrange — Through your Placement Officer for your interview with the Scientific Selection Team which will visit the University in January 1961.

Scope Announces Art Exhibit For McGill Students

SCOPE has announced that plans are well under way for the McGill Students' Art Exhibit to be held from January 16-30 in Tyndale Hall at the Library.

Thus far thirty students have indicated that they will enter.

The exhibit was conceived in order to provide students in all faculties with the opportunity to display their talents in the fine arts. There are three entry categories with a \$25 first prize and a ten dollar second prize in each.

The three categories are (1) drawing (2) painting (including oils and watercolours) (3) sculpture.

Alan Jarvis, former Director of the National Gallery, and Evan Turner, Director of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, have been asked to judge the exhibit.

All entries must be submitted between January 9-13 at the main desk of the Library. Contributing artists will be allowed to price their work. Entry forms may still be picked up at the Union Box Office but may be obtained from Billy Fraiberg at HU, 8-1209 or Peter Mellen at VI, 9-1776.

TWIST

his arm

to take you to the

ASUS - ISA

Dance on

New Year's Eve



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An Open Letter To University Students Of Montreal

When an issue that deeply affects our personal survival, the survival of our friends, family and nation as well as the survival of the entire human race, becomes joined, then it is time to foresake apathy and intellectual debate and act.

The Canadian government has forced our hands. By 1962, if the government's plans are effected, there will be American controlled atomic weapons on Canadian soil. This disastrous move makes Canada a chief target in a Third World War, it provides an excuse for the dissemination of nuclear weapons to any irresponsible government, and, most disastrous of all, Canada's official policy will stand in active approval of the arms race.

Canada, by virtue of its nuclear arsenal, will lose the ability to speak out to the major powers against poisoning our air, our food, our genes and our blood streams with radioactive fallout. We, as a nation, will be playing the suicidal game that has turned war from an instrument of conquest into a threat of mass annihilation and has turned the possibility of war into a frightening diplomatic tool for manipulating fear and suspicion.

This is the policy that awaits Canadians in two years if we refuse to act now. Paralleling the march from Aldermaston to London that struck fear into the British war-politicians, the Canadian Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is marching in Ottawa on Christmas Day. Last year a small group of students in Montreal organized such a march and 80 people from McGill, Sir George and the University of Montreal turned out.

From Montreal the Christmas march of 1960 will probably have the participation of five hundred students and non-students in addition to similar groups from major centers across Canada.

We, who are marching under the drooping white-on-black cross are asking you and your families to ride the buses to Ottawa with us on Christmas day in what may very well be the last A-bomb protest in a non-nuclear Canada. Britain can bring 125,000 people into Trafalgar Square to protest the government's suicidal reliance on nuclear weapons. Japan can draw 14 million people into the Tokyo streets in commemoration of Hiroshima Day. Canada, on the verge of becoming a nuclear power, can certainly bring several thousand people to Ottawa in protest against nuclear insanity.

The march will proceed through downtown Ottawa and will culminate in the presentation of a four-point set of demands to Governor-General Vanier. These proposals are:

1. No nuclear weapons for Canada.
2. No foreign bases on Canadian soil.
3. Discontinuance of H-bomb patrol flights over Canada.
4. Permanent and immediate cessation of nuclear testing.

You have seen poster on campus advertising the Christmas march and seen people handing out leaflets. If you are of the opinion that the road to peace demands an active stride then reserve a seat on the buses by sending two dollars along with your name, address and telephone number to Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 911 St. James St. W., Montreal. (Telephone UN. 1-4391).

For those interested in the march there will be a rally on Friday, December 19 at 8 pm. in the McGill Union Ballroom. The programme will consist of a panel discussion on nuclear disarmament and the singing of peace songs. Farley Mowat, Alfred Pinsky, and Dimitri Roussopoulos are among the invited speakers.

Farley Mowat, outspoken Canadian author, has done free lance work for *Atlantic Monthly*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *Maclean's*. He is the author of *people of the Deer*, and *Desperate People* and his short story *The Regiment* won the Governor-General's award.

Alfred Pinsky, noted art teacher at Sir George Williams University, will speak on "Moral and Humanist Position on Nuclear Disarmament". Mr. Pinsky, who was a former art critic for the CBC, was educated at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts and the Art Students' League of New York.

Dimitri Roussopoulos is chairman and one of the founders of the Canadian CUCND. He was formerly chairman of the International Conference for Nuclear Disarmament for students and youth.

We are addressing this letter to all university students in Montreal because recent history has emphasized the role of youth in social change. Raise your voice for peace in Ottawa.

Yours for disarmament,

What's Going On Here?



Chris Bryant and Allan Scott? Why that's Chris Dobson and Allan Shiach in their aliases, of course! And they've just released an hilarious new LP on Laurentien Records.

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RISQUÉ...
SOPHISTICATED!**

It's the ideal Christmas Gift for everyone
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The McGill University Bookstore

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From Page 10

ALMA-MAY

hide behind the bushes and call the dog, even though it never came, or I'd go into the field through the fence and make noises at the cows; then they'd come towards me and frighten me a bit; but if I stood still they would wait and look, and if I moved suddenly and jumped at them they'd start back quickly like cows always do. And I'd run back to Alma-May and tell her that the cows were chasing me, but she'd just laugh and say it served me right for going into the fields.

Then one day Alma-May went away. She was gone for a week. And when she came back she wasn't singing any more; she was serious and quiet and dry like my mother. She still came to say goodnight but she wouldn't stay for long and it was somehow different; she walked quickly and carefully, and she talked quietly and fast. And when she kissed me she wasn't thinking about it, but she was doing it

because she had always done it. She was changed completely.

And that Sunday when we went to church she wore a black veil instead of her hat. And, for the first time, she went to communion with me. And she was crying like I had never seen her cry before; great tears that ran down her cheeks in trickles and fell off her chin; I was annoyed at her for crying because everyone in the church could hear, so I moved along the bench and pretended that I didn't know her.

And for weeks she cried in church and went to communion and didn't wear her hat. Then, suddenly, she changed back again to Alma-May. She started singing and talking, loud and slowly, and telling me stories at night. It was just as if she had never been away, or been sad.

"Alma-May" I said one Sunday after church. "I still think your hat is the ugliest hat in the whole world. I think your black veil was

much prettier". Then she told me that no matter what I said about her hat she would always wear it to church. And she scolded me badly; she was really very angry, angry like I'd never seen her before; and she told me never to mention her hat again. She was so furious that I was frightened and ran home ahead of her.

But her bad mood was over soon and she was smiling and laughing again; but I never mentioned her hat again because I knew that she was really serious about it that time. So I just looked at it when she couldn't see me, and made a face.

Then one Saturday night, months afterwards, she came to say goodnight. She was bubbling with happiness all over the room and she told me that she had been asked to sing in the choir as soloist because Mrs. McConachie was ill. This was the happiest thing that had ever happened in her life, she said,

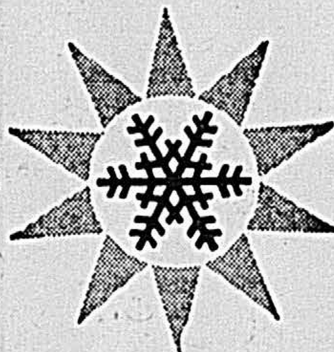
because it meant that she was free and she could call out to God the way she had always wanted to in his own House. I was very happy for her too.

We almost ran to church the next morning, walking and tumbling over the fields across the dry, frosty ground. It was a cold November day and all the way into town Alma-May sang the mass, practising and practising as if she had never heard the tunes before. She was quite nervous about it and when we got to the church she bustled me off into the downstairs part to sit where we always sat, and she went up to the choir by herself. I looked back at her up there, before the priest came on, and she was sitting intently gazing up at the crucifix over the altar.

She sang the Kyrie Eleison beautifully. Everybody in the church looked back to see who was singing because they'd never heard her voice before; and she was beaming happily as she sang

"Kyrie...ele...ele...ele...ele...son..." And even the priest, when he finished the go-

MORE SUN



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For folders, information or reservations, write lodge of your choice or Box CU Stowe Area Association, Inc., Stowe, Vermont.

From page 11

First Man

Half an hour and the world will know. But half an hour is a long time in a world racked with tensions, and hate and fear, and in half an hour a rocket carrying a man can be mistaken for something else. Not very likely. Not unless someone is very nervous.

"Alpha one to base, Alpha one to base, launching a full success," Bob Maxwell, hero of all Americans repeated the message again and again into his microphone and then waited for an answer.

"No answer" he muttered and a frown clouded his clean cut features.

The frown darkened still further when he repeated this process for two more hours with no results.

All alone in soundless space — enclosed in a satellite which is a little world to itself. No weight, no sound, no contact with anything else. A perfect limbo — between the states of heaven and hell. Heaven is up there all right, but down below...

After two hours of fruitless effort with the radio, Bob reached for the telescreen knob. "At least I can see the earth even if the radio doesn't work," he thought.

The vast expanse of ocean showed as a brilliant blue on the screen. There were clouds to the south, but as the satellite neared completion of its first orbit, the whole of the United States and most of Canada was revealed before him, unimpeded by atmospheric conditions.

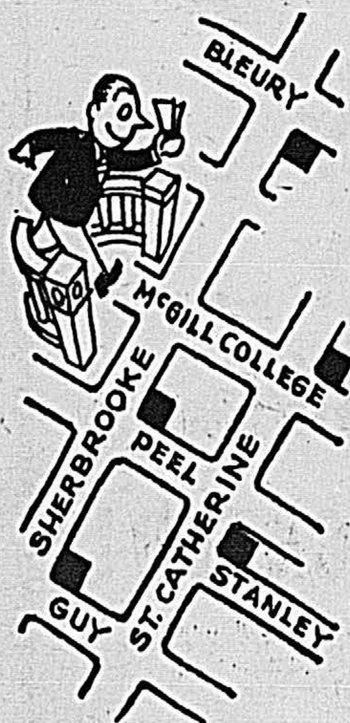
He looked for New York, but Manhattan Island was not there. He looked for Chicago but Lake Michigan had grown a little larger. The only clouds present to impede his view of this land of the free, were little puffs, drifting carelessly away from ex-cities or blossoming over the sites of still others. Clouds of some unknown type soon obscured the view as he passed over the west coast, to view the wreckage of Japan and what was left of Russia.

The six days war, historians would have called it, but the little did not appeal to the American's wholesome sense of humour. The one thing that could be worse than returning to a destroyed earth would be remaining forever in a satellite, circling the earth twelve times a day. So, on the seventh day the innocent one foreswore limbo, and descended into Hell.

The satellite performed its return beautifully. Bob felt the gentle bump, as the parachute settled him down into a field in Indiana. He opened the hatch and stepped out into the tall grass. The day was beautiful. The sun shone, and the grass was green and nothing seemed wrong... except for the total silence. Not a man or animal or bird or a reptile could be seen.

There he stood, numbly, until he felt the effects of the now diluted nerve gas set his limbs shaking so hard he had to sit down.

He sat there wondering whether the coup de grace would be provided by tularemia or anthrax, nerve gas or radiation. In any case it would be a tragedy — for he was now the best doctor in the world.



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Applications are invited also from WOMEN graduating in engineering and honours chemistry.

Application forms, details of actual openings and interview appointments can be obtained in the Iron Ring Room, Engineering Building, 7th to 15th December.

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From Page 14

ALMA-MAY

pel, looked up at her and smiled. She had succeeded and she was singing in her church; she sang beautifully all through the mass and when it came to the "Deo Gratias" she sang louder and longer and soaringly so that all the church echoed with her gladness.

When we came out, the sun was shining brightly and clearly, making the light in her eyes leap with joy; she held my hand tightly outside the church and smiled at everyone she saw. I was proud of her because she sang so well, and happy because she looked so happy; and when we started home we didn't talk because I knew she was waiting for me to say something about her singing. But I didn't say anything until we reached the Oak-woods and then I just said "Alma-May you're better than Mrs Mac-Conachie". I didn't say anything else because I couldn't think of what to say. But, anyway, it was true.

We walked on together through the wood, flicking the naked

branches that swooped down above us. As we were brushing under a patch of bushes Alma-May stopped suddenly, and stepped back. Her hand clutched to her bosom and her face grey like the trees. She groaned quickly, softly, and slipped to the ground. I leapt back, surprised and frightened. She was breathing rapidly, noisily, her breast heaving spasmodically and her eyes suddenly small and fiery.

"My heart!" she said, "Run back... for a doctor!" And I ran.

I ran through the woods, falling over the twigs and the roots, dodging between the tree-trunks and the little mounds of dry, hard earth. My eyes, streaming, could only see ahead of me and the world rushed past beside me as if it was going in the other direction. I ran back to town and straight to the church. I called Father Drummond's name inside, and he came out from beside the altar, still in his white robes.

Then I ran back with Father Drummond beside me, into the

woods to where Alma-May was lying on the ground. Her breath was clouding steam into the cold air, short, little haloes of mist, filtered by the bright sunlight. Father Drummond knelt over her and murmured some words; I stood away, watching, because I knew she was confessing to him and I didn't want to hear.

My Alma-May was dying; leaving me behind. I didn't want to see him make the sign of the cross over her. He stood up and came towards me, took my hand and led me back to her.

She was white now, blotchy cheeks and pale purple lips; she looked up at me, squinting from under her flower hat that had fallen over her eyes.

"When you marry, child, marry forever", she said. I didn't understand, but I said nothing because I knew she was in pain. Her hand was still clutched against her breast. She looked up at me, strangely, and said: "I'm sorry to leave you, lad, but everyone has to begin some time". Then she smiled softly, a little smile that turned up the edges of her mouth, and quietly she said "Does my hat look funny?"

"No, Alma-May", I said, "It looks wonderful. I was wrong about it, it's a beautiful hat. The

loveliest in the world". And then she stopped breathing and her hand relaxed and fell to the ground, and the missal she was clutching in her other hand dropped open.

The priest had gone when I stood up. But a few minutes later he came back with some other people. Alma-May was dead. I had taken her hat off her head and hidden it under my coat; then walked back to the house. And I didn't cry for a long time.

Gort'l
Humor

Why do people ignore us?

Asked the erudite

brontosaurus.

Because you're a bore

Said the dinosaur.

And the pterodactyl bird

Concurred.

The Managing Board

Wishes All Daily Staffers

A Merry Christmas

And A Happy Chanukah

What We Wanted
To Say Was...

What we wanted to say was "Merry Christmas", but it is so hackneyed — you know, overdone, quoted in all the pop-songs — it has become commercial.

Well, we thought, how can we say it differently? We are entering a new era and we need a new language. And we got to thinking about other trite expressions, like "as black as ink", "white as snow", "dry as dust".

What we need is a change — some up-to-date, topical, modern expressions to add new verve to our speech.

We offer to you the results of our collective labours:

-As black as apartheid
-As good as a charge-a-plate (who's ever seen, much less used, any gold?)
-As dry as a Montreal Sunday
-As happy as a pigeon (no larks here — they've all been traded to Hamilton — but the pigeon is a good Canadian bird)
-As cute as a zipper
-As skinny as a surplus
-As big as a deficit
-As tight as an engineer
-As high as an engineer
-As drunk as an engineer
-As quiet as a Sunday (readers in Toronto may also use, as well as number 3, although sayings are probably not as applicable)
-As useless as a summit conference
-As cold as the cold war
-As busy as Dag Hammarskjöld
-As quick as a wink (still applicable)
-As strong as the Mafia
-As cunning as a politician
-As steady as the Prudential Life Insurance Co.
-As vague as the Bill of Rights
-As sweet as saccharine
-As mad as a March (to Aldermaston)
-As frustrating as the Library Reserve Desk
-As friendly as a freshette
-As stubborn as a sophomore
-As jealous as a junior
-As shut-in as a senior
-As cold as the stacks
-As hot as the tunnel
-As monotonous as monogamy
-As paintless as this column

We did get rather carried away by the whole thing — Yuletide spirit (?) I guess — and we still have not devised a new way to welcome in the holiday season. So:

MERRY CHRISTMAS

to one and all

(especially Daily staffers)

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students
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The University Placement Office has descriptive folders, posters and application forms.

Previews

Friday, Dec 16

ASSES RALLY

All members, especially those going to Ottawa on Christmas day, and others interested are asked to attend a mass rally of the CUCND, 8 pm, Ballroom.

COMMUNION TO BE CONT'D AT CANTERBURY

Holy Communion begins at 1 pm, 3473 University.

SZO TO CONVE AT STE AGATHE

All interested in attending the SZO convention in Ste Agathe, Dec 16 — 19, please contact Carol Moscovitch, RE 9-2936 or Arlette Blaustein, RE 7-5831.

SOCIALISTS TO HEAR COMMUNIST

Rae Murphy, National Secretary of the Young Communist League of Canada, will speak on 'Communism in Canada', 1 pm, Club Room.

FOLK MUSICIANS HOLD HOOTNANNY

All are invited to a sing song, 8 pm, Walter M Stewart Room.

CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR MEPEUS

The party will take place Friday, December 16, from 8 — 12 pm, Walter M. Stewart Room. Tickets are \$1.

Weekend, Dec 17 and 18

AFRICAN STUDENTS GENERAL MEETING

All members must attend a general meeting of the Association, 1 pm Saturday, Club Room.

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Friday, Dec 23

AFRICAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

All are invited to a Christmas dance and party, 8:30 pm, Ball Room.

Saturday, Dec 31

CTCM

A grand new Year's Eve ball will be held in the Main Ballroom of the CTCM Hotel, starting at 9 pm. This will be preceded by the annual Ingball Bowl featuring CTCM and the Moscow Selects at CTCM Stadium, 6 pm.

Meeting

(Continued from page 3)

other things, like packing trains to football games and lining up in front of Liquor Commissions, we could get 150 perhaps 200 people at a meeting of the Students' Society."

At this time Morty Zucker, director of the NFCUS education programme, presented the plan. He pointed out that whereas one out of every three Canadians between the ages of 18 and 21 were capable of attending university only one out of ten were actually attending.

Financial difficulties, he maintained, are the great stumbling block.

He then noted that although it costs approximately \$1,400 per year on the average for a student to attend university (Dominion Bureau of Estimates), he can expect to net only \$500 in summer employment, only small proportion of the cost can be met by present scholarships, and thus parents must bear the brunt of education — contributing at least room and board if not an appreciable amount of cash too.

The \$600 Scholarship would allow students whose parents cannot afford to support them through university to attend.

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10.95...LIFE (2 yrs.) 6½¢ a copy	7.00	<input type="checkbox"/>
6.75...SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (1 yr.) 7½¢ a copy	4.00	<input type="checkbox"/>
11.00...SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (2 yrs.) 7¢ a copy	7.50	<input type="checkbox"/>
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CITY COURSE

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Thursday, Dec 15

CUCND SPEAKER TO SPEAK ON ND

Dr. A. Russel, a noted Montreal psychiatrist, will lecture on Nuclear Disarmament, 1 pm, Walter M. Stewart Room.

CANTERBURY HOLDS HOLY COMMUNION

Holy Communion begins at 1 pm, 3473 University.

Player's Please

THE MILDEST BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE



Vitae Lampada

by LENNY FLANZ

Sports Editor

With the advent of winter, we thought it might be a good idea to reminisce a little and review the highlights of the fall sports scene. Lady Luck has dealt kindly with Old McGill this year and consequently the fall sun sets on a myriad of successful athletic events.

The first ray of light was shed by the Red and White tennis team as they copped the Canadian Intercollegiate Tennis Championship. The tournament came to a climax on Friday, Oct. 14, as the Redmen racket-men edged the University of Montreal by a single point, 20-19. McGill has won the tennis crown twenty-four times, at least twice as often as any other university.

Our Year

"1960, THIS IS OUR YEAR". This headline evoked loud guffaws from disillusioned students who had too often had their hopes built up only to suffer a sad let-down. The headline introduced this year's version of the football Redmen and as the rest of the students snickered, the Daily Sports Department stuck by their guns and forecast great things for the Redmen.

As if to concur with the consensus of opinion, the gridgers promptly lost their first two games and the wise observers of the game were seen around campus nodding their heads as if to say, "Here we go again" or "I told you so".

But lo and behold. The individual stars on the club started to play as a unit and the awesome machine began to gell. At Toronto, on Saturday Oct. 15, one day after the tennis team brought home the silver, The Redmen won their first game in eleven starts, a famine extending over a period of two years. Tenaciously hanging on to a slim lead, the Redmen edged the Blues 9-7 and at long last were started on the road to victory.

The following week at Molson Stadium, with quarterback Tom Skypeck leading the way, McGill thrashed the once powerful varsity team 37-17 and went on to humble Western 57-6.

Tom Thumb

And now the key game loomed close. The Red and White travelled to Kingston to face the league-leading Queen's Golden Gaels. Trotting out on the gridiron that afternoon, very few of the McGill players were aware of the fact that their fabulous quarterback was nursing a broken thumb. To maintain team spirit, Skypeck's injury was a well guarded secret. In a fine display of courage and gamesmanship, the Ivy-league all-star, with the help of John Roberts, led the Redmen to a 15-9 victory and forced a sudden-death playoff.

It's all history now but we'll never be able to forget that game in which the Yates trophy was returned to McGill for the first time in twenty-two years. This was their finest hour as the Redmen, playing their best game of the year, ripped through the Gaels for 21 points and allowed not a single point to be scored against them. The next Saturday McGill captured the Canadian title by overwhelming the Alberta Golden Bears.

Another famine was broken that wonderful week-end at Queen's. The Harrier team won it's first intercollegiate championship since 1939 as they defeated an aggregation of six other competing teams.

An undefeated season is a novelty for any McGill team and the Red and White soccer pulled just that trick. The soccer men won nine of their games decisively and tied one. The eleventh match, scheduled against Sir George, and the one that would have decided the championship, ended on somewhat of a sour note.

The Redmen were leading the Georgians 2-0 with eight minutes remaining in the contest. At this point McGill had just scored it's third goal but the marker was called back by the referee, who, deciding that visibility was too poor for play to continue, cancelled the game then and there.

Having been informed that intercollegiate soccer rules stipulate that if, when standing at center field, both goals can be seen, the game should go on, the referee kindly agreed to walk to mid-field. Having ascertained that he was able to see both goals, the ref confounded the McGill side by saying "Rules or no rules, I called the game and that's it." And so, the championship was puckled out of the hands of the deserving Redmen and left hanging in mid-air it remains to this day.

Soccer Champs

Nevertheless, the soccer team has done it's share to revitalize athletics at McGill. They did manage to win the Ontario-Quebec intercollegiate soccer championship in convincing fashion by defeating Toronto in a two game total point series.

A championship football team brought McGill to the forefront of college athletics. Basketball and hockey have recently begun and skiing is right around the corner. Each of the latter three teams boasts a strong aggregation of competitors, and with the supports of the students, McGill can cop a few more titles and remain in the forefront.

Basketball Redmen Lead Montreal City League

by BOB GOLDSCHLEGER

The McGill Redmen are off to a flying start this season in their quest for a basketball championship. The team has rounded into shape and our boys are playing the best basketball seen at McGill for a long time.

They have four straight wins to their credit in the city league having beaten Sir George, Loyola, and the University of Montreal. In their last game against Loyola, the Redmen eked out a victory by one point, 35-34; but this is no indication of the calibre of the team. Firstly, Loyola is not very strong and Coach Ron Sharp used the game as a testing ground for both

new players and original patterns. High scorer in the game was Gary Ulrich who has now returned to top form.

For two intercollegiate seasons, 58-59-60, Ulrich had not been displaying the potential he possesses. He seemed to lack the confidence needed to be a star. But this year is a different story. Every time Ulrich steps on the court he is a

feared and deadly shooter. He can throw his favorite shot, the jump, from any angle and has been pulling down rebounds and setting up plays magnificently. But Gary however is only part of a squad that has the talent and the drive to carry McGill to its first championship since 1938.

Along with Ulrich the front runners with the Redmen are Ben Shore, John Girvin, John Moore and George Miechowsky. All have been playing well and have been counting most of McGill's points. Miechowsky is very accurate from the outside and his ability to hit from around the key has proven a valuable asset to the team.

Much has been written about John Girvin in the past, but not enough can be said of what his addition to McGill has done to our championship hopes. His height and great talent has given the Redmen a tremendous push. On top of his usefulness as a rebounder, he has a hook shot which is deadly inside or outside.

Two weekends ago, the Redmen took on a team from Plattsburgh, in Montreal one night and in Plattsburgh the next. In both these games, McGill stayed with their opponents for most of the contest but lost out in the final fifteen minutes of play.

All practise and play has ceased until the second week of January when McGill go on the intercollegiate warpath. In this league, they encounter Queens, Toronto, and McMaster. All are rumored to be deep in basketball talent and experience but the Redmen have tasted the sweet wine of victory and will put up a tremendous battle for the honours.

DAILY SPORTS

Sportrait

Paul Harasimowicz

With the graduation of this year's Dentistry class, one of McGill's truly fine football players will have passed from the Red and White grid scene. Paul Harasimowicz, perennial all-star tackle has played his last game for the Redmen.

CELEBRATED BALLPLAYER

Before he ever came to McGill, Harasimowicz was well known as a crushing tackle for the University of Vermont where he did his undergraduate work. Big Paul was regarded so highly by American football buffs that he was drafted nineteenth by the Philadelphia Eagles of the National Football League. It's an honor to even be looked at by any one of these American Squads.



Harasimowicz was born and raised in Gardner, Mass. At high school here was a three sport man playing basketball and football. He put the shot and threw the discus in Track and Field. Paul concentrated on football once he was out of high school. He was a prolific figure in football at Vermont and it was difficult to decide between pro ball and a dental career.

COMES TO MCGILL

Happily for McGill, Harasimowicz decided on a dental career. His ideal proportions (6'5" 240 lbs.) had McGill football men dreaming about all kinds of gangbusting exploits. Judging from his performance in the past it's doubtful that any of them have been disappointed.

TIRELESS WORKER

Over the past seasons, Harasimowicz has been nothing short of an irreplaceable advantage to the Redmen. In the lean years he went 60 minutes a game.

Harasimowicz's value to the team in the past cannot be over-emphasized. He was selected as an all-star lineman every year from

and last year he won the trophy for being the team's most valuable player. This value went far beyond being a standout on the playing field. Paul's mental attitude was always right and his teammates always looked to him for leadership.

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Intramural Highlights

by BOB NEWMAN

With the first term drawing to a close, the intramural winter leagues approached the half-way mark and the intramural tournaments in squash and table-tennis were completed. In squash, Architecture placed first, with 18 points, and Law and Arts and Science tied for second-place with 12 points each.

In table-tennis, the Engineers came first with 21 points, and Arts and Science placed second with 16 points.

ICE HOCKEY

Last Monday, Medicine and Architecture played to a 2 all tie. Gavin Scott and Ken McReynolds scored single markers for the Architects. The Med marksmen were Dave Swales and Fuller Tory.

Last Wednesday, Law shut out Commerce 6 to 0. Greenwood and Angus both scored two goals for Law. Black and Shadley tallied single markers for the winners.

Arts and Science walloped the Dents 6 to 1 last Thursday. Mike Carrol got a hat-trick to lead the A & S pucksters' attack. John Lashinger, John Smith and Don Farnsworth all counted solo goals for the winners. The lone goal by the Dents was scored by Gerry Mahoney.

On Monday of this week, Law defeated the Engineers 6 to 0. John Juliani scored three goals to pace the Law offense. Shadley, Black and Dave Angus contributed solo markers and played their usual starry best.

VOLLEYBALL

In Section I last Tuesday, the Shysters beat Education, the Bouncers defeated Dentistry III, the Four Cycles defeated the Giants, and the Eagles won when Medicine III defaulted.

In Section II, Medicine II 'A' defeated Medicine I, the Dentistry II team beat the Leafs, the Ayoub's edged the Fireballs and the Grads won when Medicine IV defaulted.

In Section III, last Thursday, the Vikings defeated the Money Makers, and the K-Muturs beat the Dent I team. The Mops won when the Bears defaulted and Med II 'B' won when the Dent IV defaulted.

BASKETBALL

In Section I last week, Education edged Med II, 30 to 28. Moore led the Education attack with 11 points. Dutton scored 11 points for Med II. The Turkeys defeated the Celtics 24 to 14 as Lionel Margolick scored 16 points. Don Harper got 11 points for the Celtics. The Money Makers beat the Mix-Ups 32 to 10. Kivenko led the MM offense, as he scored 12 points. Piper also scored 10 points. The Dents II cagers overpowered the Field Mice 33 to 18. Murray was the kingpin of the Dents attack with 13 points.

In Section II, the Architects edged the K Muters, 13 to 10. Javosky, with 6 points, starred for the Archs while Rogers led the K-Muter offense with 5 points. The Bouncers defeated the Bankers 32 to 25. Douglas and Winsor led the winners' attack, scoring 8 and 7 points in that order. Perkins and Parsons starred for the losers as they scored 9 and 8 points.

In Section III, the Dents IV came up with a great team effort to beat Med I, 20 to 17. Routtenberg scored 16 points to pace the Psychos to a 35 to 22 victory over the Knicks. Med IV walloped the Four Cycles 59 to 15.

The big guns for the winners were Bacon, with 15 points, and Howland and Whalen, with 13 each. The Trotters edged the Dents I, 22 to 16, as Blum starred with 8 points. Gibbons scored 8 points for the losers. The Shysters beat the Fireballs 34 to 17. Engineering defaulted their game with the Lakers.

FLOOR HOCKEY

In last week's action in Section I, Hashimoto scored all the Grad goals as they won 3-1 over Med I. The lone Med goal was tallied by Macleod. Larry Putterman scored two goals for the Slivics and Eln tallied two for the Med 3 & 4 team in a game that ended in a 2-2 tie. Nadel and Rolland scored single markers to pace Commerce to a 2 to 1 win over the Four Cycles. Valentine tallied the lone goal for the losers.

In Section II, the Creeps shut out the Pistons 1 to 0, as Giuliani scored the only goal of the game. Kadonaki scored two goals to lead the Dents to a 3 to 2 win over Med II. Adams copped the other goal for the winners. Davis and Merkel scored for the losers. Greenwood and Bob Carswell scored solo goals to pace the Shysters to a 2 to 1 win over the Epar. Millsom tallied the lone Epar goal.

To all intramural participants to the Athletics Department, and to all readers, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

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"Inter" Cagers Too Good

by BOB STALL

The Indians, McGill's entry in the Montreal Intermediate Basketball League, are in the enviable position of having absolutely no opposition in their race for the league title.

To date they are undefeated in their first four tilts, games in which they easily managed to floor all twelve players on the squad, practise new offensive and defensive tactics during the course of the contests, and casually coast to twenty and thirty point victories.

Typical of this, was last Tuesday's meeting with Loyola, McGill Coach Neil MacGregor, in an effort to present any type of challenge to the high-gear team, gave orders that every player on the squad must count at least one basket.

As a result, the last few minutes found McGill in continual possession of the ball, as scoring stars Ron Horeck and Jack Walker ignored lay-ups and continually

fed two hapless shut-out cagers — net result: a good time was had by all; every Indian netted a basket; and McGill won by 15 points.

This game was the beginning of the second round in the MIBL. Previously McGill had trampled the Loyolans in the opener—53-20, completely outclassed Sir George—65-38, and overpowered second place U of M, 53-38.

We are not hesitant in stating that this is the best basketball team, in its division, that has represented McGill in some years. Though the 59-60 edition of the Indians copped the Montreal Inter-collegiate championship, the coach has said that this squad is definitely superior. A tell-tale hint of their strength, is that the Junior Indians have been disrespectfully

clobbering their Senior Redmen counterparts during discreet practice sessions.

There are many reasons for the high caliber of basketball displayed by the team. Coach MacGregor is an experienced tactician, who has guided many a team to the championship, in high school as well as collegiate ranks. He has the knack of getting the best out of every team member.

HORECK LOOKS GOOD

Another vital cog is Captain Ron Horeck. We consider Horeck to be one of the best basketball prospects to hit McGill in a long time. Ron, a first year Arts student from Sudbury Ontario, was scouted by a California University and the University of Windsor. Both colleges offered him basketball scholarships, but he turned down the money and registered at McGill. He is a spirited playmaker, an all-round court wizard, whose daring ball-handling, accurate long jump-shots and lay-ups has added a tremendous versatility to the Indian attack. Were it not for his freshmen status, Horeck would presently be starring for the Senior Redmen.

A high-scoring freshman forward, Jack Walker is in the same boat. Horeck and Walker have been packing a potent 1-2 punch in the scoring column throughout the Indian domination of the league. Walker is the smooth sharpshooter, the type of player who rarely makes a mistake; Horeck is the spectacular plunderer of opposing defences.

In addition, we are impressed by the exceptional rebounding and general ability of Doug Hunter. Centre Jim Berwick and Rein Olson are also key men off the boards. Terry Chiprum, Ricky Blatt, Don Devine, and the recently acquired Ewert Budgel are all highly-rated guards and playmakers.

We see no relief in sight for the rest of the league from the Indian scourge. This team can look forward, with a fair amount of optimism, to adding another well-deserved trophy to the crowded McGill collection of 60-61 laurels.

Girl's Volleyball Contest Features High School

The Red and White team played host to Macdonald College and Westmount Senior High School, in a friendly competition tourney.

The three teams played a round robin series of games so that each team had a chance to play every other. A system of match play was used whereby the winner of the best of three games was the winner of the match. Each game in the match had a time-limit of eight minutes or a winning point of fifteen, whichever came first.

In this first encounter, Macdonald versed Westmount, but the more junior team promptly proceeded to take the first two games, capturing the match.

McGill then faced the Westmount team. The first game in this series went to Westmount by a score of 13-9. Fan Payan made five points for McGill, which was the highest individual score made by this team.

The Volleyball Club played its first extramural and most exciting of the evening. The Red and White team started out with a considerable margin over their opponents, but soon the score came to a tie, of 15-15. After this both teams were so perfectly on the alert and on the guard that it seemed impossible for some time that either team would be able to outdo the other. However, after a tough battle, Westmount edged out our team by a close.

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Seniors Welcome Christmas Layoff

by JOHN JULIANI

When the ice Redmen resume their hockey wars after Christmas, they should have eliminated two of the handicaps that have kept them from holding first place in the current Intercollegiate League hockey season namely, injuries and a woeful defense situation.

The first of these stumbling blocks is being left to the soothing salve of Father Time and the medication of local doctors while the defence problem, patently inept to date, is expected to be considerably strengthened by the return to action of burly Leo Konyk.

DEFENSIVE WOES

Coach Ken Murray's defence corps has, to put it mildly, been in dire straits. Indeed, were it not for the formidable presence of veteran Mike Richards and the latent ability of a couple of other aspiring rearguards, it might even have been said to be non-existent.

It would be unkind to say that some of the present crop of defencemen would fail to pass the most basic of tests on the elementaries of playing their position. Others, while aware of these fundamentals, seem curiously, unwilling to practice them. It may conceivably be only a question of time for these potentialities to develop. Killam, Evans, and Robson are capable of good hockey. The dough is there. Only, it takes kneading.

INJURIES GALORE

While the Redmen defence situation has never been good, still it is obvious logic to suggest that the sheer presence of an inept defender is far better than no defender at all. But because of a rash of unfortunate injuries, the Redmen have not as yet been fac-

ed with this decision. Their choice has been limited to deciding whether or not they could dress a full team from game to game. The injuries, ironically enough, have hit the Redmen where they can little afford to be hit, namely, the defence.

At one point after their successful exhibition run, the team was minus the services of four of five of their regular defenders. At Sauve Arena, against the University of Montreal Carabins, defenceman Mike Richards played 56 minutes of regulation play and then 8 more minutes of the 10 minute overtime session. In Quebec, the team, comprising an even dozen players, only two of which were regular defencemen, somehow managed to eke out a win.

A MATTER OF INTANGIBLES

If what has been said above is true, then how does one account for the Redmen's relatively good showing this season? Their 1-2 record comprises a 7-5 overtime loss to the Carabins, a 7-4 setback at the hands of the University of Toronto Blues, as well as a 3-2 win over the Laval Rouge et Or. But even in defeat, there were signs of a certain quality that made one take a second look at this Redmen squad.

This certain something, variously called spirit, fight, pluck, or 'what have you', is an intangible that science has, as yet been unable to evaluate. Its importance, however, cannot be overemphasiz-



Jim O'Reilly scores the first of McGill's goals against Toronto last Friday. The Redmen come out on the short end of a 7-4 count. Bruce Hutchison, Larry Jones and O'Reilly form the Redmen's number 1 line and have accounted for most of McGill's output to date.

ed. The 1960 Redmen are a 'come-back' team. Their games to date bear out this fact. Against the Carabins, the undermanned Redmen, down 5-1 at one point in the game, managed to send the game into extra periods before losing out 7-5. In Quebec, the team of twelve players overcame a 2-0 deficit and eked out a 3-2 win on a last minute goal.

FIGHT AND SPIRIT

But it was in their last encounter with the Toronto Blues that one could almost touch the intangible. The Redmen seemed

forever to be two goals behind their bigger opponents, but by the middle of the final stanza there was little doubt to the fans at the Winter Stadium that, despite their obvious weakness behind the blueline, despite the presence of only one and a half forward lines, and despite the hurting presence of a certain Bill Kennedy, the Redmen were going to tie the score. The fact that they did not do this was due, in our opinion, largely to an inevitable last period lag and to a rather tainted Toronto tally.

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Swimming Team Trains Indians Stop For Opener At Toronto Examination Time

by CHUCK DENTON

Another swimming season has started. The team has already commenced to prepare itself for the big Intercollegiate Meet to be held in Toronto February 25, 1961. Under the coaching of Ross Firth, the team expects to do much better this season.

The problem that faced the swimming team in the past few seasons was the lack of a second string. The team had a huge gulf between the top swimmers such as Cameron Grout and Richard Pound and the rest of the crew. It was for this reason that in last year's Intercollegiate's, McGill won five out of the eleven races, set 13 out of the 14 records broken at the meet, and came last. Regretably the team will be unable to use Grout in the Intercollegiate's. Grout is a veteran of many of the most important swimming get-togethers. He swam in the British Empire Games in 1958, in the PanAmerican Games in 1959, and this past summer he reached the pinnacle by representing Canada at Rome at the Olympic Games. Grout will be swimming at the local meets but will be able to participate in the Intercollegiate's by invitation only. His ineligibility leaves only Pound on first string. Pound, like Grout is a veteran of the

PanAmerican games and the Olympics at Rome. He made an especially brilliant showing at the Olympics. Grout and Pound won two races respectively at the CASA meet at the Palestre Nationale this fall. Grout set two provincial and two Canadian records at the same meet, swimming the 50 yard butterfly in 25.9, and the 100 yard butterfly in 56.2.

This year the team definitely has plenty of depth. Back after a year's absence is Peter Rutherford who will be swimming the back stroke for McGill along with Pete Rees who did so well at last year's Intercollegiate's. Returnee Al MacDougall will once again be doing the breast stroke. Dave Sherwood and Chris Mills, both freestylers, holders of the Canadian record for the freestyle

relay along with Grout and Pound, are also back this season. Will Kean, one of the hardest working men on the team, will be swimming utility. Great hopes are placed on freshmen Jacques Corbeil and Nils Vikanner both of whom came to McGill with impressive records. The Intercollegiate diving champion of 1959 at the height of one metre, Dan Mackie, is again with the team.

Ski House

The Women's Athletic Association Ski House will be open this weekend, December 16-18. It will then close for the Christmas Holidays and reopen January 3 till January 8 for the Ski School. January 20-22 is reserved for beginners. Miss Proyer will be giving free coaching lessons this weekend. The following weekend the School will be reopened for all women students at McGill.

by MAX BERNARD

With five games under their belts and about ten more to go, the Hockey Indians are looking forward to a rugged second half of their season.

So far they have a 2 win, 2 loss, 1 tie record having won against MacDonald and SGWU 8-3 and 5-4; lost to the U of M and SGWU 9-3 and 4-2 and tying the Redmen 6-6. Against the Redmen they tied the first period 3-3, fell behind in the second 5-3, and pulled ahead in the third by a 6-5 score only to have the count evened up with only about 15 seconds to go in the game.

Their two losses were both in the early part of the season and can be accredited to the lack of practice, and at least one contest the one with the U of M, to the fact that they were playing a senior team. However playing the Redmen they did show their potential against a higher calibre squad.

The personal scoring column looks like this:

	Goals	Assists
Gilfillan	6	5
Thibault	4	6
Thibodeau	3	7
Grant	1	
Flaherty	3	3
McDougall	1	5
MacFarlane	1	1
Lambert	2	4

Maughan	1
Ingram	1
Jones	1
Robertson	1
McKellar	1
Chiarella	1

Asked to explain the reason why the Indians were not entered in league competition coach Dave Copp said, "Right now there is no league we can go in. The Ottawa-St. Lawrence League will not allow a second team, and since the Redmen are already playing in that league we can't get in. The Metropolitan League is of a much higher calibre than the Indians and also playing them we run into schedule trouble due to exams. There is a city league in which the Redmen, the U of M Seniors, the Loyola Seniors, and SGWN, are already playing, and it is hoped that MacDonald and the Indians will enter the League next year".

Practice has now officially ended for the exams but will resume on January 9th. There is a game scheduled at MacDonald for January 27, but it is probable that the squad will meet St. Johns Air Force, or Bishops, or Ottawa U. before then.

Girls' Basketball

In two close knit games, McGill's Women's Open Basketball League entries eked out decisions over MacDonald College and Sir George Williams University by 15-12 and 32-28 scores respectively. Highlight of the evening was the phenomenal play of Sally Sadler who accounted for 14 of McGill's 15 points against MacDonald, and Steph Stevenson's 20 markers at the expense of the Georgians.

In the Senior game against MacDonald College, McGill and the visitors engaged in a tough close contest which saw the home team win by three tallies. Combined with Sally Sadler's striking of-

fensive contribution were the fine efforts of guards Marion English and Mary Lawson who held Mac's big guns in check all evening. However, Carolyn Blais, wearing the Green and Gold, was effective enough for 9 points.

The Juniors turned in their best performance of the campaign by nosing out Sir George 32-28. Despite a third quarter count of 23-22 in favour of the Georgians, McGill went on to tie it up and win it on some crucial plays by Steph Stevenson. Second to Stevenson and her 20 tallies was Vicki Christmas who rated for 8. Maya Romer and Heather Strachan played well for McGill on defense.

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